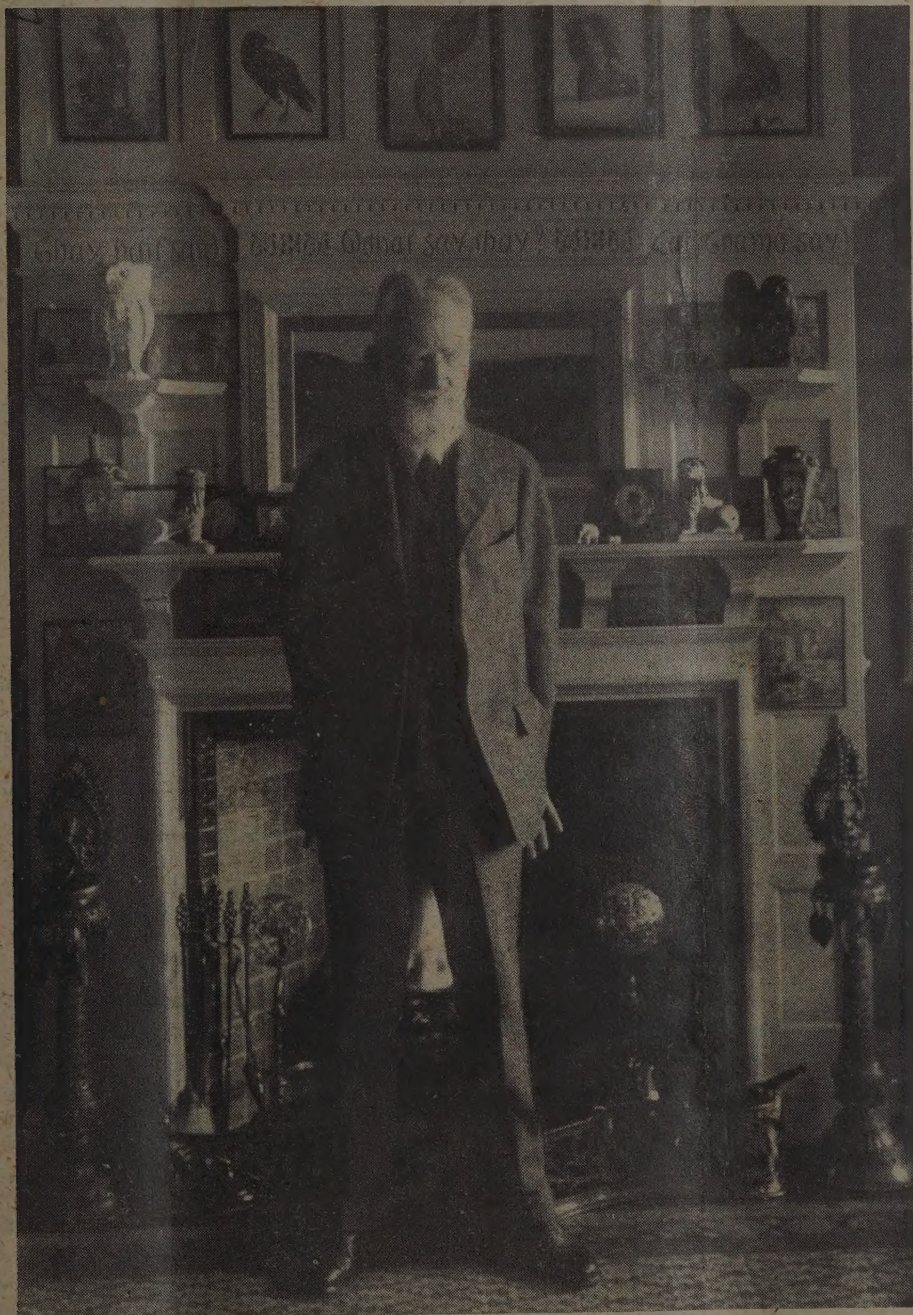


The Listener

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George Bernard Shaw, the centenary of whose birth occurs today: a photograph taken in 1923 at his flat in the Adelphi

In this number:

The Future of British Air Power (D. M. Desoutter)
Bernard Shaw as a Music Critic (Michael Tippett)
On Not Rising to the Occasion (Elizabeth Bowen)



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Changes at the Top in the Civil Service

By R. KEITH KELSALL

SIR EDWARD BRIDGES, the present Permanent Secretary to the Treasury and Head of the Civil Service, and his deputy, are both retiring in the autumn, and the occasion is being taken to make some major changes. Sir Norman Brook, at present Secretary of the Cabinet, is to add to his existing duties that of Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, with the responsibility of Head of the Civil Service. Sir Roger Makins, Ambassador in Washington, is to be the other Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, with responsibility for financial and economic matters. These changes are obviously very important, though only those who have taken part in the policy discussion leading up to them can say precisely why they have been made at this moment, and what it is hoped to achieve by them.

As an outside observer, the first question which it seems natural to ask is this: For how long has there been someone described as the 'Head' of the Civil Service, and what is implied by such a description? Throughout the nineteenth century the Treasury had gradually extended its interest in the affairs of other Departments, and in 1872 the Chancellor of the Exchequer actually used the phrase 'at the head of the Civil Service' to describe the wider functions of his Permanent Secretary. In 1919 it was again laid down that the Permanent Head of this particular Department was also the Head of the Civil Service, and a separate sub-department of the Treasury to deal with civil service staff matters was established. Much more recently, it has been made clear that 'Head of the Civil Service' really means 'Head of the Home Civil Service', and that his responsibilities do not extend to the

Foreign Service. The combining of these two functions in the hands of one person has been the practice, therefore, for a long time. But when we ask what precisely is implied by such a title, we are on more dangerous ground. Clearly it means at the very least that such a person is the acknowledged leader of his profession, that he takes precedence over all his colleagues on formal occasions, that he has normally more influence than any of his fellows on the most senior appointments in the Service. But he cannot necessarily override the decisions of individual Heads of Departments within their own spheres of action. He is not, as Dale puts it, Head of the Civil Service in the sense that the Prime Minister is Head of the Government. The recent announcement means, therefore, that the Head of the Civil Service in this limited sense is still a top Treasury official, as has always been the case. On his own level in the Treasury, however, there will now be Sir Roger Makins, with the final responsibility (so far as it attaches to a permanent official) for economic and financial affairs.

There are, therefore, two main breaks with the past. First, responsibilities that were formerly centred on one person are split, on a functional basis, and divided between two people of equal salary and apparently equal status. Secondly, the person chosen to shoulder the economic and financial part of the burden is a career diplomat and not a Treasury man. It is natural, therefore, to suppose that the changes are intended to bring about two main improvements in the present situation. First of all, by splitting the enormously heavy burden at present carried by Sir Edward

Bridges, to ensure that his successors are able to concentrate their energies each in a more limited field. Secondly, the bringing in of a Foreign Office man with wide experience of the economic and financial side of the Foreign Service's work inevitably raises the question as to whether a fresh approach to the problems facing the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the predominant objective of these changes in personnel and structure. Although there has always been a certain amount of coming and going between Home Departments and the Foreign Service, the appointment of Sir Roger Makins to this top Treasury post is, in terms of past practice, a highly unusual proceeding.

Beyond such relatively safe guesses, endless speculation is possible. From the point of view of the structure of the Service, for example, will difficulties arise from having two Treasury heads where there used to be one? Is it one intention of the new arrangements that the Prime Minister shall exercise more control over economic affairs than in the past, or is the Chancellor of the Exchequer likely to become an even more important Minister than he has been hitherto, once these changes become effective? These and many other doubts will be resolved only after some time has elapsed, and I, for one, should be hesitant to express an opinion on them at this stage.—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

The Fall of Mr. Rakosi in Hungary

By GEORGE MIKES

CONTRARY to the general impression, Mr. Rakosi, First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, did not fall because he was Stalin's friend; he fell because he was Marshal Tito's enemy.

Mr. Khrushchev—for reasons of his own—rather liked and even trusted Mr. Rakosi, who seemed to be the only outstanding, orthodox Stalinist who was to be forgiven. Indeed, it was the Khrushchev-Bulganin regime which restored him to power. The Hungarians were fully aware of Mr. Rakosi's almost incredible good luck. Whenever he seemed to be lost, a dramatic last-minute event came along to save his career. In the end, however, it turned out to be his most desperate—and seemingly most successful—manoeuvre which doomed him.

In 1948 Mr. Rakosi's star was declining in the Kremlin, and the youthful and energetic Mr. Rajk's was in the ascendant. Rajk, it seemed, was to oust Mr. Rakosi from power or, at least, was to take first place in the Hungarian hierarchy. Then dramatic coincidence—Mr. Rakosi's usual life-saver—intervened. The Tito quarrel broke out between Russia and Yugoslavia. Mr. Rakosi managed to label Rajk as a Titoist, and Rajk was hanged after a mock trial. Thus Mr. Rakosi saved himself, proving his faith and loyalty to Stalin, and his fierce denunciation of the Titoist heresy and of Marshal Tito himself were second to none. It was his violent hatred of Marshal Tito which secured his position as long as Stalin was alive; it was his hatred of Marshal Tito which has proved his undoing now.

Marshal Tito refused to forgive him, and before his departure for Moscow he repeatedly declared to western visitors that Russo-Yugoslav relations could not become normal until Mr. Rakosi went. During the Moscow talks Mr. Khrushchev—it is reliably reported from various sources—tried to stand up for Mr. Rakosi and pleaded that there was a unique situation in Hungary, and that there the whole communist structure would collapse if Mr. Rakosi were to be removed. But Marshal Tito was adamant. For him, too, Mr. Rakosi was a personal matter, and—as an able cartoonist has expressed it—Marshal Tito was dancing to obtain Mr. Rakosi's head. Mr. Khrushchev, however, still hesitated to give it away. He sent Mr. Suslov, a member of the Soviet Politburo, to Budapest to investigate matters, and later summoned Mr. Rakosi and his eventual successor, Mr. Gerö, to Moscow. For a moment, it seemed that another miracle—yet another dramatic coincidence—would once again save Mr. Rakosi. While he and Mr. Gerö were travelling to Moscow, the Poznan riots broke out. For a few days it did not seem impossible that it would be Mr. Khrushchev who would lose his head as a consequence, and Mr. Rakosi might keep his. But Poznan, as far as Mr. Rakosi is concerned, was not enough.

What is the meaning of the change in Hungary? It must be borne in mind that Mr. Rakosi's dismissal is no concession to

liberalism; it is a concession to Marshal Tito. Mr. Rakosi's successor, Mr. Gerö, is another old Stalinist, a friend and former lieutenant of Mr. Rakosi, who came back from Moscow after the war, where, as it happens, he had spent a much longer time than Mr. Rakosi himself. On the other hand, it is also true that Mr. Rakosi's extreme unpopularity in Hungary—as duly reported by Mr. Suslov—was a contributory factor to his dismissal. At least part of the Russians' reason for dismissing him was to save a vestige of the regime's prestige. By substituting Mr. Gerö for him they made it clear that the concessions were small and not fundamental. The greatest effect of Mr. Rakosi's dismissal is, however, psychological. Of course, he is a man of outstanding ability and—I met him once or twice—he gave the impression of being an outstanding personality. His name was connected with oppression, secret-police persecution, the Mindszenty and the Rajk trials—not to mention half a dozen other equally outrageous judicial murders—with the dissolution of all political parties, and also with the mass deportations of thousands of peaceful and decent citizens in unnecessarily cruel and inhuman circumstances. The people of Hungary refused to believe in any change or relaxation, or any promises for the future, as long as Mr. Rakosi remained the local Russian dictator. His dismissal means no real change in itself; but it may foreshadow the shape of things to come.—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

SPEAKING ABOUT THE withdrawal by the British and American Governments of their offer to grant help to Egypt to build the Aswan High Dam in the Nile, DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent, said in 'Radio Newsreel' on July 20: 'President Nasser has declared that Egypt cannot build a dam without outside help; secondly, through the mouth of the Egyptian Ambassador in Washington, he recently announced his readiness to accept financial assistance from the West to complete the project. But now there can be no financial help for Egypt from the West. This is because the proposed British grant and World Bank loans were dependent on each other and on the United States. In turn this proposed help was made dependent on an agreement between Egypt and the Sudan on the sharing of the Nile waters. At this moment, therefore, the Egyptian President is faced with the choice of either abandoning his plan to construct the High Dam or of seeking financial and technical assistance elsewhere. President Nasser would not wish to abandon his plans for the construction of the High Dam. His prestige as Egypt's revolutionary leader would suffer too much if he were to take such a step. In addition, he is genuinely convinced that the dam represents the answer to his country's pressing economic problems. But although President Nasser obtained arms from the Soviet bloc last year, when refused arms by the Western Powers, he may not be in so great a hurry this time to accept Russian help. Already the arms deal with Czechoslovakia has twisted Egypt's economy out of its normal pattern. The question President Nasser must answer now is: "Do I want to become still more dependent on the Soviet bloc?"'

The Future of British Air Power

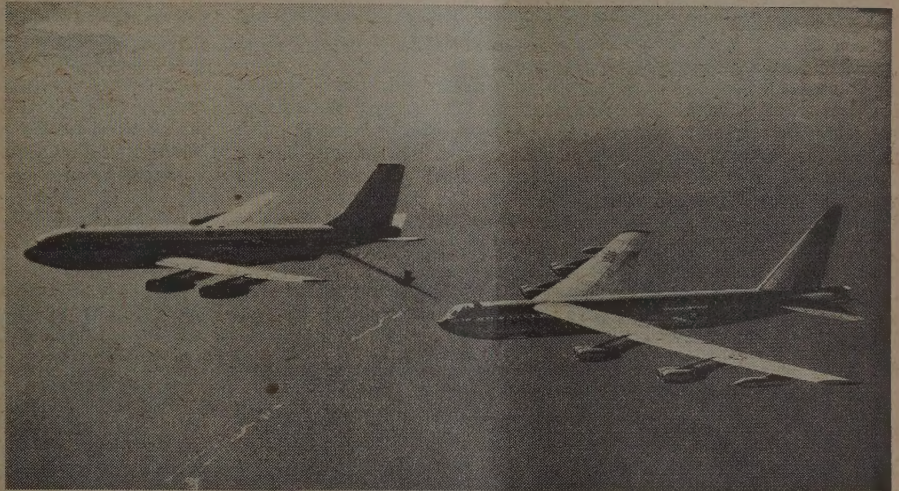
By D. M. DESOUTTER

THE link between transport and the growth of civilised communities has been remarked before, and there is little dispute about the importance of roads to the Roman Empire or of sea power to our own Commonwealth. To what extent those historical exploitations of transport and communications were planned, and to what extent fortuitous, I do not know. But nowadays, when public sentiment exhibits a marked penchant towards centrally formed plans, it often seems that transport is being allowed to drift. I refer in particular to transport by road and by air. Of these, air transport is much the most far reaching, overleaping national boundaries and encompassing the whole world—ranging wherever sea power could reach in the past, and going beyond; equally over land or over water.

And like sea power, air power has a wider significance than transport in the ordinary civil sense: it has a grimmer military aspect, where the things transported are troops, guns, and bombs. It is not, therefore, surprising that air power should share with nuclear power the ability to epitomise national prestige, influence, and strength. Nor is it surprising that public attention and concern should so often be centred upon some aspect of national aeronautics. Taxpayers and voters are understandably worried about such things as delays in deliveries of fighters to the Royal Air Force, the prospects for exporting airliners, or the standing of our own airlines in relation to those of other countries. Those critics who say that British aviation has not lived up to its promise (nor to some of its promises) are rightly reminded of the fact that British pilots hold the world's speed and altitude records, gained with British aircraft and engines. They are asked to remember that both the Viscount and the Canberra have been adopted by other countries and that British engines have achieved world-wide success, notably in America. Nevertheless, American aircraft and American airlines dominate the world (outside Russia) so that doubts about British aeronautics are often expressed in the form of comparisons with American aeronautics. More recently, the beginnings of Russian competition have been discerned, not only in military aviation, but in commercial aviation as well, and there is an awareness among all sorts of people that British aviation faces serious difficulties.

Before looking more closely into these problems, one ought to try to specify what one expects of British air power. Opinions will differ, but most people would probably agree that it should be a parallel to sea power—a continuation of it. We need a fighting service whose equipment is equal to that of the expected enemy and is supplied from our own resources. We need a strong merchant service, also using British-built aircraft. We need to export as many aircraft as possible, both civil and military: and we cannot expect others to buy British vessels if they are not used by British lines.

This idea—that air power should take over the responsibilities previously borne by sea power—useful though it is, has no value at all unless one considers the competitive conditions of the modern world. Until recently, Russia was the military competitor and the U.S.A. the commercial competitor. But there is evidence that the Soviet's rulers are beginning to appreciate the importance of air power—beyond the purely military sense. The supply of fighters to Egypt, the sending of jet airliners to England, the gifts of airliners to heads of states—these are certainly signs that the Russian leaders have decided upon a new policy. The abandonment of the Stalinist line implies that greater influence is to be gained by coming out into the world and competing than in staying at home and slanging one's neighbours. And what better way has Russia of transcending its old geographical limitations than by air?



The American Boeing 707 (left), which serves as prototype for a military tanker as well as for a civil airliner, making a fuelling link with the Boeing B-52 bomber

Air power is the greatest possible boon to a land-bounded country—to the Russians it could be what sea power was to us. If that idea has penetrated into the heads of the Russian rulers, then we may expect to see subsidised exports of aircraft, and an extension of Russian airlines.

But one must not overplay the Russian business: if such a policy does exist, it would take some time to become effective. And in that country there is always the possibility of a sudden and drastic change of policy. Much more certain, and much more serious, is the competition from America. On purely technical grounds honours are about equal. It is commercially that they have the whip hand, and here their advantage is often related to time. When the Americans can have their products on the market first, when they can produce more quickly and give buyers shorter delivery times, then, other things being equal, they must take the cream of the business. They have so far been able to do that because they have bigger plants. One must face this fact that America has a larger aircraft industry than we have. Where we employ 250,000, they employ 750,000 or more. (Not too much dependence should be placed upon these figures because it is difficult to take account of the ancillary industries, but broadly one can say that there are at least three times as many people employed in the American aircraft industry as in ours.) Similarly, much more government money goes into the American industry. Here, the Royal Air Force disposes of between £150,000,000 and £200,000,000 a year for aeroplanes, engines, spares, and so forth. The United States Air Force spends between £2,000,000,000 and £3,000,000,000 a year (at the official rate of exchange).

The market for airliners is obviously much bigger in America than it is here. American airlines carry more than sixty per cent. of the world's traffic, mainly because of their large domestic traffic, whereas British and French airlines each carry about five per cent., and other countries even less. Whereas our own airlines possess fewer than 100 modern four-engined aeroplanes, American operators use 1,000 or more. Naturally they tend to buy American aeroplanes. In addition, big transport aeroplanes are used in large numbers by the United States Air Force for logistic purposes. Here again, the numbers in use, and the annual work done, is of the order of ten times as great as for the Royal Air Force's Transport Command. I believe that America's Military Air Transport Service, as it is called, currently uses about 450 four-engined aeroplanes, as well as a good number of twin-engined machines.

This large home market for American aircraft is not a new situation—it is one which has existed for many years. Its origins lie in the geography of the United States and in the history of the inter-war

period. A highly industrialised country, with its centres of population well spread out but without the frontiers and formalities of Europe, was a natural nursery for air transport. By the beginning of the second world war American airlines were calling for larger aeroplanes than the twin-engined machines they had hitherto been using. Designs for these new four-engined machines were being prepared when war came, so that many of the most successful airliners which are in use around the world today first saw service doing military duties. The Constellation is a good example of an aeroplane which has benefited in that way, but it is by no means the only one, as I shall explain later. I shall also have more to say on the way in which this integration of military and civil work has proved of great value to American aircraft makers.

It seems fairly obvious that with our smaller industry we cannot hope to match everything the Americans do. One effect of any attempt of that sort would be that our products would always appear on the market later than their American counterparts. That would be the inevitable result of having fewer men engaged on design, smaller research establishments, and smaller productive plants. It therefore seems that we must put some sort of limitation upon our efforts so that we shall not be over-extended. It is said that we must concentrate our effort in those fields where the American guard is down, so to speak, or where we are able to do better than they. Doing better than the Americans need not imply any intrinsic superiority—it means that we can do better at some particular time.

The Vickers Viscount

The success of the Vickers Viscount illustrates the point. The Viscount was sold into America primarily because manufacturers there had neglected to develop a machine of that kind and capacity, that is a middle-sized, turbine-driven aeroplane of general usefulness. That does not mean to say that they were incapable of doing so, but by the time they had realised what they ought to do it was too late to develop a competitor to the Viscount. The timing is all important: in the forty-third Wilbur Wright Memorial Lecture a few weeks ago, Sir William Farren was at pains to show that up to ten years are needed from the time when a large aeroplane is conceived until it is in established service. This time scale applies equally in America. It means that when an aeroplane is showing signs of success it is probably too late to enter into direct competition with it. It becomes necessary to move ahead to the next stage of development. This is what the American industry did in the case of the Comet.

Until the Comet I had shown what it could do in service with the British Overseas Airways Corporation, neither American manufacturers nor American airlines could find any merit in jet airliners. The Comet made them reconsider the economics of high-speed transport: in fact it lasted just long enough to show them what policy to adopt. United States makers then had to offer bigger and faster jet airliners to attract custom. The need to outbid our turboprop aeroplanes was an added spur. In this task they had the great advantage that they were able to allow a shortened time scale and to offer earlier deliveries by leaning upon work that had already been done on military aircraft. This raises the financing of these large airliners: a civil project must lean heavily upon military money. This applies to engines as well as airframes. The costs of engine development alone are so great that both here and in America all but the smallest engines are developed with military backing. Government money pays not only for the initial research, the design, the construction, and the bench testing of the first few engines, it also pays for the gaining of experience in months or years of actual flying in military aeroplanes. The late Mr. Frederick Rentschler, who, as chairman of the United Aircraft Corporation, was a leading figure in the American aero-engine industry, said quite simply that before a new type of jet engine could go into airline service it would have to be operated in quantity by the military over a period of years. More recently, the managing director of Rolls-Royce has made a similar point about the Conway engine which was ordered by Trans-Canada Airlines to go into American-built airliners. He said that his company would not make such a sale unless it could first have the benefit of seeing the engine in service with the Royal Air Force. So far, British gas turbines have justified all the money that the Treasury has put into them. Aeronautically they are our best national asset.

The situation for airframes is similar to that for engines. Sir Frederick Handley Page said two or three months ago that the cost of developing a large airliner is now too great for private enterprise. Even if this claim by a manufacturer is not altogether disinterested, one has to face the fact that our competitors are making good use of their military work

as a basis for civil projects. How were the Russians able to produce the Tu-104 jet airliner out of the hat and surprise the west? They did it by making a direct conversion from the already established 'Badger' bomber—by retaining all the main components of the bomber and changing only the fuselage. They are now repeating the process with a larger bomber. The big jet airliners that American manufacturers began to offer to the world a year ago benefit therefore both in timing and finance from this military background. Boeing's machine, for example, is directly derived from a military tanker, which in turn is derived from a line of bombers, all making use of a common design concept. It is significant that the United States Air Force has accepted a change in the fuselage diameter of these jet tankers so as to accord with the dimension of the airliner. As a result of this co-operation, fuselages for both the civil and military versions will be able to move down a common production line. By the time the new American jet airliners go into commercial service, they will have the benefit of knowledge accumulated in thousands of hours of flying experience with bombers and tankers of comparable size and of similar design. Russia's jet airliners have the same advantage.

Now, there is a risk (from the British point of view) that the Americans may be able to develop turboprop transports in the way they have developed turbojets. While American airlines have committed themselves to turbojet airliners, the Military Air Transport Service has so far preferred the turboprop aeroplane. Consequently, American manufacturers are building various kinds of turboprop for military use. Here is a bridgehead from which the American aircraft makers should be able to make an easy invasion of the turboprop airliner market, should they feel the effects of British competition. The argument so far has been, first, that we need our aviation both to defend and to evolve our Commonwealth; second, that our commercial and military competitors are larger than we and have the advantage of compactness. Each has a larger population and a larger domestic market for civil and military aircraft under a single central treasury and contained within a single periphery. How different is their situation from that of the British Commonwealth, which is composed of widely separated, autonomous units. Yet, in spite of the unbalance of size, we have had our successes. Paradoxically, some of the greatest have been in markets which might seem to have been made for American exploitation. The North American continent is the ideal area for the medium-range, medium-capacity airliner. Yet the leading aeroplane in American domestic services today is the Viscount. One must not exaggerate this success. In terms of turnover, of passengers carried and miles flown, Viscounts are still in the minority, but they are the leading aircraft in the sense that they are pace-setters. Similarly, the peculiarly American field of the 'executive' aeroplane has been invaded by British products. Business houses in America fly more aeroplanes for their own purposes than do all the United States commercial airlines together. In the main they are much smaller aeroplanes, and they are predominantly of American make, but British aeroplanes, in particular the de Havilland Dove and the same company's Heron, have met with commercial success there.

A Ten-year Leap?

But what of the future? It is generally admitted now in British Government and industry that no attempt should be made to build counterparts to the Boeing and Douglas jet airliners. It has been suggested that we should try to take a ten-year leap and go all out for the supersonic airliner, or for some kind of advanced machine that could succeed the big American jets. But it would be bad policy to approach this in the way that the Comet project was approached without previous and parallel military experience. It is false to assume that the Americans will stand still while we jump ahead, for in ten years' time they will be able to draw from experience with advanced kinds of military aeroplanes. Already a supersonic bomber is being built for the United States Air Force, and it will fly soon. It will help its makers, Convair, on the way toward a supersonic airliner, just as Boeing is now benefiting from the jet bombers it was building for the United States Air Force when the Comet was young. Again one sees how American aviation thrives on a continuous and stable policy of military aircraft procurement.

The idea of the ten-year leap has already been tried in Britain. As it turned out, it was interrupted by the rearmament of the Korean war but the hiatus between 1946 and Korea has still had very serious consequences. After the war the aircraft industry was allowed to shrink to a dangerously small size as a result of the military judgement that at least ten years of peace were assured. Then the Korean war led to

the placing of panic orders for large numbers of obsolescent aircraft.

Since 1950 employment in the British aircraft industry has been raised from 150,000 to 250,000: an expansion of sixty per cent. Although technical staff are still much in demand, as one can see from advertisements in the newspapers, the industry is at last getting on its feet. Is there any need to emphasise that one cannot look for continuously good results from an industry which is subjected to large cyclic changes with the ups and downs of an unstable politico-military direction? The need for a reasonably steady level of employment must be obvious in an industry which requires a high degree of skill and training at all levels. The lesson we can learn from America is to build civil aeroplanes upon the knowledge gained from military service; that implies that military aeroplanes should be technically in advance of civil aeroplanes. But this order of proceeding can work only if military aviation is advancing steadily, and steadiness has been markedly absent from post-war military aircraft procurement in this country.

A steady military programme meets a prime requirement of engineering, the need for progressive development, or progress by small steps. Progress in this way means that problems are met and overcome one by one. If big forward steps are attempted then problems accumulate and arrive all in a bunch. This is what we have suffered in attempting to leap directly from the Meteor and the Vampire to the Hunter. But a sound procedure alone will not result in a strong and competitive industry while orders can be placed only in penny packets. The United States Air Force has bought from Boeing more than 1,500 of a single type of medium bomber—the B-47. This is several times more than all the medium bombers the R.A.F. can afford to buy, and the R.A.F.'s favours are shared between three British companies. The large orders placed in America support large firms, which can supply more men to a given project and can get results more quickly. Because the United Kingdom defence budget must always be a good deal smaller than the American, it has been suggested that our aircraft industry could be made more effective by a concentration of effort. Firms might work in pairs, or in larger groups, on fewer projects. Of course, where the projects are fewer in number, more care must be taken to choose the right ones.

Traditional British policy has been to hedge by placing parallel orders—such as the Spitfire and the Hurricane, or more recently the Swift and Hunter, the Victor and Vulcan. It is true that this system has its advantages. We can all be thankful that the Hurricane was on hand when the Spitfire was not ready. The Spitfire ultimately had the better performance, but a few months in time made all the difference. On the other hand, it is possible to imagine that either of those two aeroplanes might have been ready sooner and performing better, if it had received the concentrated attention of all the trained men involved.

That is the argument for coalescing the firms of the aircraft industry. It ignores the clash of personalities, the rupture of establishment team spirit, and the benefits of competition between companies. But in spite of those problems it is clear that we must do as much as possible to concentrate the efforts of our technicians. With too few men at work on each project we might find ourselves doomed to trail along behind our competitors, always offering something better but always too late. But limiting the work that is to be undertaken by the industry is still not enough. Each project may then get the design attention it deserves, but the scale of production will still be too small until orders can be more comparable with those placed in the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union. It seems that the best aid here could be found in the Commonwealth's size, wealth, and manpower.

A combined Commonwealth transport command, for example, could render the same sort of service to British aviation as a whole that the Military Air Transport service of America does over there. It would also be in some measure a response to Lord Montgomery's demand for 'air transport on a gigantic scale'. One cannot, perhaps, hope for the co-operation of each and every nominal member of the Commonwealth, and in any case some members have little financial or industrial weight. But there has been considerable development in the aircraft industries of both Australia and Canada, where British manufacturers now have many associates and subsidiaries. India, too, has been building up an aircraft manufacturing industry. Moreover, the member countries of the Commonwealth have a big stake in the international airlines: internally they are countries which need air transport and where aviation can grow.

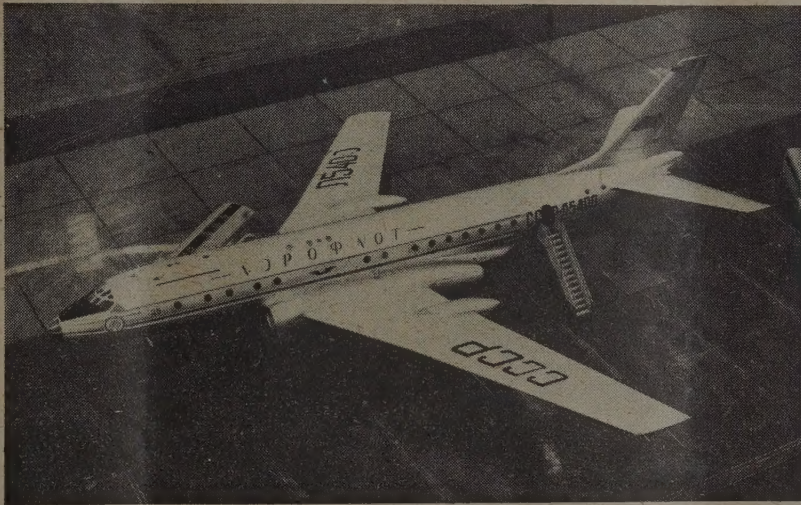
So far, there has been little integration of the air effort of the Commonwealth as a whole, yet each of these members who tries to sustain an air force, or an aircraft industry, or both, is too small to be able to survive alone, except at an excessively high cost to its exchequer. A more careful distribution of work in the Commonwealth would allow more men to concentrate on any one project.

In recent years, both Britain and Canada have been working on the development of all-weather fighters. In England, de Havilland, Gloster, and Supermarine have been engaged in this particular activity, while Avro Canada has been doing parallel work. A little co-ordination here could have resulted in a greater concentration of effort. There should have been fewer projects, and the most successful of them should have been assured of orders from both Britain and Canada. This would have resulted in a scale of production which would have put the successful machine in a competitive position in the world.

There seems, too, to have

been a lack of co-ordination in work on aero engines, with Canada to some extent working in parallel with us. With our small resources we can least afford unnecessary duplication, yet without a central authority it can so easily arise. In the United States, by contrast, the single treasury keeps duplication to a minimum. In research, also, there is so far only loose co-operation among the members of the Commonwealth, although an effort is being made and the first steps have been taken. But much more could and should be done in all these fields. The dispersed units of the Commonwealth need aviation for defence, and they need air transport for cohesion. Their large agricultural areas need aeroplanes no less than America's. Between them they can meet all the requirements for air power, yet they are not organised to do so.

Here is a subject which is fit for discussion at the highest level. Co-operation in air transport by a British Commonwealth bloc, co-ordination of military aircraft building, and a unified or pooled transport command could put new vigour not only into British aviation but also into the Commonwealth itself. Aviation has a unifying power in its ability to shrink our accustomed scales of time and distance. Could Britain and America stand so close today if it were not for the air bridge over the Atlantic? A closer-knit and a stronger Commonwealth could be air power's contribution to the British future, but it is also a requirement for the successful growth of British air power itself. Aviation cannot be considered within the limits of a small or localised frame.—*Third Programme*



Russia's Tupolev Tu-104 airliner, which has been developed from the Red Air Force's twin-jet bomber, known to the West as 'Badger'

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Shaw in Perspective

IT is surprising to realise that it is exactly 100 years ago today that George Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin. For Shaw was still a famous figure in the era between the two German wars, and his plays may be said to have been exceedingly topical until Britain became a Welfare State and the British Empire was transformed into the Commonwealth. Shaw's genius as a playwright was slow to win recognition in this country (he did not begin to make money out of his plays until they were acted in the United States) and—although the B.B.C. has played its part with a performance, among other things, of 'Back to Methuselah' in sound and 'The Devil's Disciple' in television—he is insufficiently saluted now. The editorial in the centenary number of *The Shavian* points out:

We hear of commemorations, official and otherwise, in several parts of Europe, in Moscow, and in far away Peking; America seethes, as usual, with Shavian activity; but apart from the Old Vic's Shaw season and some other events... England seems to be celebrating the Centenary mainly by contesting Shaw's Will, reassessing his copyrights (and increasing the duty thereon), forbidding the publication of his last little play, withdrawing from circulation the films *Pygmalion* and *Major Barbara*...

Men of the theatre incline to dismiss Shaw as a fine socialist propagandist and complain that his plays contain too much talk; political thinkers tend to assert that his propaganda was always conducted for its theatrical effect. But does not this merely indicate his versatility?

One factor that profoundly influenced Shaw's life and thought was the early shock he felt at the fact of poverty first confronted by him in the slums of Dublin. When he came to London he had a long struggle. It was not until he was thirty-six that his first play was produced, nor did he begin to make a reasonable income as a journalist until he was nearly forty. He was determined not to be poor himself and to campaign for a social system that would eliminate poverty altogether. Hence the attraction that he experienced for the Fabian movement. He was one of the first members of the Society, and his brilliant pamphlets, plays, and books contributed as much to convert men and women to socialist ideals as all the statistical arguments of the Webbs. Reason, it has been said, should be the slave of the emotions; but men forget the emotional impulses and suspect those who display too frank and witty a method of reasoning on their behalf. We are a romantic people and many have looked askance at a man like Shaw, because his emotions did not lie upon the surface and his sex life (and the women in his plays) appeared to be too intellectual for simpler minds.

There have been recently some letters in our correspondence columns in which Shaw and Voltaire have been contrasted: such arguments seldom get one far. In this connection, however, Shaw's attitude to Oscar Wilde is worth recalling. Shaw did not admire 'The Importance of Being Earnest', that masterpiece of comedy by his fellow Irish wit. But after Wilde's trial Shaw drafted a petition for his release, which he could find almost no one to sign: went out of his way to praise his work; and sent him inscribed copies of all his books. Many similar examples of Shaw's generosity could be adduced. Yet it should scarcely be necessary today, 100 years after his birth, to defend either Shaw's character or his achievement. He had his eccentricities and inconsistencies: what great man has not? But he is one of the figures of genuine importance in the evolution of our modern society. He lived in an Age of Giants. Can one honestly name a British dramatist alive today who is his equal as a wit or a power in the land?

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Poland and Hungary

ON JULY 21, on the eve of the twelfth anniversary of the establishment of the Communist regime in Poland a strong Soviet delegation arrived in Warsaw, headed by Marshals Bulganin and Zhukov. In the course of a long speech, Marshal Bulganin promised the Polish people a rapid rise in their standard of living. Poland's present difficulties were only 'growing pains', but these difficulties were being exploited by 'opportunists and wavering elements' who, in Poland and other Communist-ruled countries, had recently come out of their corners to spread hostile propaganda. Marshal Bulganin—like Mr. Khrushchev, speaking at Sverdlovsk in the Urals on the same day—attributed the recent rising in Poznan to international reactionary forces, which, said Marshal Bulganin, had not yet discarded their mad plans for restoring capitalism in Communist countries. (On the previous day Warsaw radio reported a speech to the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party by Party Leader Ochab, who said it would be wrong to blame the Poznan riots entirely on imperialist agents and provocateurs: 'callousness and bureaucracy' by the Polish authorities played an important part in causing the riots, which should be considered as a warning of serious divergencies in the relations between the party and the workers.)

Marshal Bulganin went on to accuse aggressive circles in the West of launching subversive activities in the hope of creating dissension among the Communist countries and subduing them one by one. But these plans would burst like soap bubbles: Marxists would not tolerate attempts to break up their international solidarity. The Soviet Prime Minister ended with an appeal to Communist parties for 'maximum political vigilance': 'unstable' elements in the party had aided international reactionaries in regard to the Poznan riots, and editors of some party papers had allowed such elements to sow their venomous seeds in the Communist press; and there had been attempts to weaken the 'socialist' camp by insisting on national peculiarities.

In neighbouring Hungary, also on July 21, Budapest radio announced that Mr. Mikoyan, a first Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, had—*en route* for a private visit to President Tito in Brioni—visited Hungary. His visit coincided with the resignation of the leader of the Hungarian Communist Party, Mr. Rakosi, which was followed, on July 22, by the Budapest radio announcement that General Farkas had been expelled from the party and deprived of his military rank. The Party Central Committee had found General Farkas responsible for 'the unjustified persecution of old Communists'. As for Mr. Rakosi, his 'resignation' was said to be primarily due to illness, but also—in the words of a statement by the Party Central Committee—to 'the mistakes which he committed by the violation of Socialist legality and in the sphere of the cult of personality'. However, the Prime Minister Mr. Hegedues added that Mr. Rakosi's 'everlasting historic merits cannot be wiped out by the mistakes he committed'. Addressing the Central Committee, Mr. Rakosi's successor, Mr. Gerö, denounced 'imperialist circles' in the U.S.A. and elsewhere for trying to make use of 'the liquidation of the personality cult' to make trouble in the 'people's democracies' and hoping for 'Hungarian Poznans'. However, although the Petoefi circle events (the meeting of writers and journalists in Budapest on the eve of the Poznan rising, at which the Hungarian Communist Party policy and leadership were attacked) undoubtedly had an organised character, they were not a 'little Poznan'.

Mr. Gerö went on to say that the Politburo recommended that there should be no further issue of 'peace' and similar state loans, which would mean that average wages would rise immediately by 4.2 per cent. (The Communists have not admitted the compulsory contributions to these loans before.) Mr. Gerö then went on to condemn right-wing deviations within the party—'mainly represented by Nagy', the former Prime Minister dismissed by Mr. Rakosi. Then there were the intellectuals:

We have differences of opinion with certain sections of the intelligentsia. This applies in particular to a substantial section of writers. We believe, Comrades, that these problems must not be tackled in a hot-headed manner.

Finally, Mr. Gerö made an abject apology to Marshal Tito:

We deem it necessary to state openly that we profoundly regret all that has happened and to withdraw the slanders that, in a tense international situation, we heaped on Yugoslavia and her leaders. We propose the opening of negotiations with a view to establishing friendly and comradely relations...

Did You Hear That?

THE END OF 'THE BIG TOP'

WHAT HAS BEEN KNOWN for years throughout the United States as 'the greatest show on earth' has come to the end of its road. The Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus folded its tent in a field near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, after having given its last performance under the Big Top on July 16. So ends an era in American entertainment which began when Barnum combined forces with Bailey in 1871. The circus was taken over by the Ringling Brothers in 1907. DOUGLAS WILLIS, of the B.B.C. Washington staff, spoke about this in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'It was the last of the big road shows', he said. 'From now on and beginning next year, it will play only in air-conditioned arenas in New York, Boston, and San Francisco. The Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus is the third outdoor circus to pull down its big top this year. All three have fallen victim to television, bad weather, mounting costs, bad luck, and union trouble. Television offers the children two circus programmes a day. Bad weather has delayed the circus so much this year that it was being dubbed "the latest show on earth". The unions set up picket lines and an opposition circus. The clowns went on strike, and the roustabouts, who put up the tent and the high wires and spread the sawdust, have been going slow. The same cannot be said for the elephants who stampeded more than once.'

'Mr. John Ringling North, its president, said sadly, "the tented circus is a thing of the past". One thousand workers from elephant boys to accountants are affected by his decision. Today the clowns, the acrobats, the equestrians, the jugglers, side-show magicians, and the trapeze artists were packing their bags and preparing to board the circus trains, with 600 elephants, lions, tigers, horses, and other animals. The trains are bound for the circus' winter headquarters in Florida but many of the performers will leave them *en route* and try to find work in a disappearing profession. "Perhaps", said one British performer, "the magicians can give us the answer".'



The London General Omnibus Company (now merged with London Transport) celebrated its centenary last week. In 'Radio Newsreel' Ronald Robson, a B.B.C. reporter, interviewed busmen who took part in celebrations in Regent's Park to mark the occasion. The photograph shows the latest Routemaster double-decker, which is not yet in general service, and a 'knifeboard' bus of the 1850s

SHEPHERDS FOR EXPORT

'It was market day in the little Basque town of Saint Jean Pied de Port, at the foot of the western Pyrenees', said NINA EPTON in a Home Service talk. 'On normal days, Saint Jean boasts of little more than 5,000 inhabitants, but on a market day this number is increased by hundreds of farmers from outlying villages and shepherds looking for new caps, shirts, and sheepbells.'

'There were a good many shepherds in the market on that spring morning. They were making last-minute purchases before climbing up to graze their flocks on the grassy mountain slopes where they spend the summer in flimsy huts called *casovolas*.

"I have not noticed many donkeys in the streets of Saint Jean", I remarked to Monsieur Michel, the sheepbell manufacturer, whose stall is always a popular gossip centre. "Can that be because the smugglers

have commandeered them all?" "Donkeys for our smugglers? Made-moiselle, you are behind the times... Nowadays all the best smugglers use jeeps", Monsieur Michel retorted indignantly. As he finished speaking, a jeep veered jauntily round the corner of the Rue de la Gare. It was driven by a sturdy, rosy-cheeked man wearing an open-necked tartan shirt and a Basque beret. I looked enquiringly at Monsieur Michel, but he shook his head with a slow smile. "No", he replied to my unspoken question, "No—he's not a smuggler... that's Monsieur Charles. He's in a different line of business. He exports shepherds overseas. I guess there will be a stream of applicants waiting outside his office, as usual. It's one of the sights of Saint Jean on market days. Go and have a look".

'Monsieur Charles' office was undoubtedly the show place of Saint Jean. I had to force my way through a knot of eager young shepherds before I could get anywhere near the entrance. The centre of attraction and comment—in Basque—was the shop-front below Monsieur Charles' office. This was filled with glossy photographs of enterprising local lads who had exchanged their humble Pyrenean homes for the dollar-strewn plateaux of Texas and Arizona. The sequence of this lighting "Shepherd's Progress" started with a group of shepherds photographed at Biarritz airport—their caps a little askew, their eyes slightly glazed. (It was not easy to determine whether this was owing to the anticipated novelty of air travel or to the *aperitifs* with which Monsieur Charles had plied them in the airport bar.) The next picture showed the shepherds standing, already a shade less self-consciously, beside a splendid, streamlined aeroplane somewhere in the United States, among a crowd of cheery welcoming faces belonging to fellow Basques who had "made good" in the new country. Then came a picture of the sleek automobile which was to take them to their destination, and of the ultra-modern farm in which their new employer lived. What luxury! What opulence! The captions were flamboyant. Finally, for the Basques are not easily swept away by transient glories alone, the latest shepherd arrival was shown receiving his first pay packet—a packet ten times fatter than the one he would have received at home.

'A heated argument had begun to take place beside me between an elderly Basque lady of the bourgeoisie type and a peasant woman whose son—a gawky youth in his late teens—had been gazing spellbound at Monsieur Charles' attractive display. "I tell you, the man's a traitor", declared the elderly lady emphatically. "He's luring all our best boys away from home to a country with a distinctly demoralising influence. All that money goes to their heads and soon they begin to lose their faith and their sense of values and..."

"Nonsense!", snapped the peasant woman. "You're old fashioned, Madame Pierresteguy; there's no future for our lads here at home. I say that it's very fortunate to have discovered a country where shepherds are wanted and not technicians—as is the case everywhere else these days. Monsieur Charles is a real blessing to folk like us. I hope my

Pierre goes off to America with the rest of them . . . We're going up to talk to Monsieur Charles about it now. As for faith—what state would our Basque churches be in if it wasn't for the funds sent home by our boys overseas for church repairs? Come, Pierre, let's not waste any more time". And they elbowed through the crowd to the door, where a couple of secretaries were busy taking down names and ushering prospective clients to the waiting room upstairs'.

AN OPERATIC CAMEL

'The only creature I know that can lurch and look hoity-toity at the same time', said ROBERT STIMSON, in 'From Our Own Correspondent', 'is a camel, and for me one of the minor pleasures of the summer in Rome is to encounter from time to time a stuck-up looking specimen lurching across the city from the zoo to the baths of Caracalla. It is, I suppose I should add, suitably attended. This camel is a performer in grand opera. It has what I believe is called "a walk-on part" that lasts about five seconds in the third act of "Aida", and its presence gives a touch of realism to the scene representing the banks of the Nile.

'From the zoo to the baths of Caracalla is a long way, and that the camel should go to so much trouble illustrates the great care lavished on the open-air performances that take place during the summer in the ruins of the public baths built by the Emperor Caracalla, 1,700 years ago. I have it on the authority of a shelfful of guide books that these baths were much more than bathing places abundantly supplied with water—hot, cold, and tepid. They were an immense club with libraries, exhibition halls, covered promenades, areas for games and exercises, and extensive gardens decorated with fountains and statues. In the sixth century the baths began to fall into decay because the Goths destroyed the aqueduct that carried the water from the distant hills. About twenty years ago someone had the brilliant idea that the baths, with their ancient associations, peaceful atmosphere, and vastness, would make a magnificent setting for summer opera. There are seats there for an audience of some 10,000 and an orchestra pit for 120 musicians. The stage has been built between two colossal pillars of dusty-pink brick, ruins that remain from the original circular warm bath.

'This stage is the largest in the world, and the ingenious producers make full use of it. In the triumphal procession in "Aida", for example, the stage can easily accommodate a chorus of 400, to say nothing of an elephant or two and chariots drawn by horses that get rather restive when the scene reaches its climax, with a better than Hollywood display of torches and fireworks from the battlements above Thebes.

'The present season opened with Rossini's "Moses in Egypt", and people who saw it are still puzzled about the wondrous way in which the waters of the Red Sea were divided. One could, I suppose, find out from the management, but it seems rather unsporting, like asking a conjurer to explain his tricks. I can think of no more agreeable relaxation after a hot and sticky Roman day than to drive out just past the Colosseum and sit under the stars in the baths of Caracalla. On the

hottest night it is cool and pleasant and there is no disturbance even in this noisiest of capitals from anything except an occasional aircraft passing overhead'.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GARDEN

In Bristol, just below the old Clifton Parish Church, stands Goldney House, in grounds covering more than ten acres. D. A. RICHARDS has recently revisited it and described it in a talk in 'Window on the West'. 'The house itself has little real historical value', he said: 'it was completely altered about 1860. Originally owned by Lord Folliot, it was bought in 1694 by Thomas Goldney who was a Bristol merchant. Although a Quaker, Goldney, with others, commissioned two vessels as privateers which arrived back three years later laden with bullion and with Robinson Crusoe, whose real name was Alexander Selkirk, from the island of Juan Fernandez. Then in 1720 he had his house built, possibly with Wood the elder, of Bath fame, as architect.

'The dining-room is the only original room as far as is known. It has Roman Doric style mahogany paneling, a decorated ceiling, and a beautifully carved mantelpiece similar to the work of Grinling Gibbons. I saw this room several times during the war by candlelight, after a power failure, and it was eerie as all the leaves and birds in the carvings seemed to move. The wistaria-fronted orangery below the house is a beautiful building and was probably built at the same time as the house.

'The garden, however, is the most interesting part. It is unaltered since its construction by Thomas Goldney junior. He followed in his father's footsteps and specialised in trading ironware, mostly guns, all over the world, besides founding a bank in Bristol. He started by building a grotto which in all took him nearly thirty years to finish. This is an artificial cave decorated all round the walls and roof with rock crystals and spars from various parts of Britain and thousands of amazing tropical shells from all over the world. It shimmers and sparkles from its shells and crystals and from its water-

fall at one end. I believe there is only one other true grotto to equal it still in existence—at Stourhead, Somerset.

'While Goldney was building the grotto he built the great terrace running east to west over the top of it. The whole layout of the garden now perhaps becomes obvious; the house-front facing south, down between a 150-yard-long avenue of tall yew trees and the terrace across the end. It is thought that Goldney may have used black slave labour to construct these monumental earth-works. I cannot see where he obtained the material for the terrace, which is 450 feet long, 100 feet wide, and twenty feet deep at its thinnest point. But perhaps there may have been an outcrop of rock there before he started. He made this terrace "in the rough", as he said, in two years, and then went on to construct a canal 150 feet long in front of the orangery; and there is a fashionable ruin on his new terrace. Besides all this engineering he really gardened with plants, and he planted a fruit garden and some wonderful specimen trees. Bristol University has bought the house and will be able to maintain the grotto and these gardens so near to the centre of Bristol'.



The stage at Caracalla, the ruined baths outside Rome, now used for open-air performances of opera

By courtesy of 'Opera'

An Irish Basset-Horn

MICHAEL TIPPETT on Bernard Shaw as a music critic

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW had a good ear for music and a superb ear for language; that is, for English prose. In his young manhood he incessantly educated, polished, and trained his musical and literary ears. So that when in his thirties he became musical critic of *The Star* and later of *The World* he already knew how to use his one ear to understand and criticise all the music he heard, and how to use his other ear to express his criticisms in whatever literary manner he chose. He could be witty, elegant, paradoxical, profound, didactic at will. He did not wish to be dull, and never was.

'No Bach in B Minor'

When I say he did not wish to be dull, I am only paraphrasing his own declared intentions. Shaw describes how his political articles so alarmed the editor of *The Star*, when offered him, that T. P. O'Connor, who had just founded the paper, would have perforce dismissed Shaw from his staff, if Shaw had not suggested a weekly '*feuilleton* on music'. O'Connor, it appears, was glad to get rid of Shaw's politics on these terms, but stipulated that 'musical criticism being known to him only as unreadable and unintelligible jargon' Shaw should, 'for God's sake, not write about Bach in B Minor'. Shaw was quite alive to that danger and had only made the proposal because, as he says: 'I believed I could make musical criticism readable even by the deaf'.

With his racy Irish-English style Shaw certainly saw to it that his weekly *feuilleton* was readable. But it brought him a good deal of trouble with the musicians. He was not even writing for *The Star*, as he was to do later for *The World*, under his own name, but had decided to dramatise himself as 'a fantastic personality with something like a foreign title'. He chose Corno di Bassetto for the name and title and for two years he 'sparkled every week in *The Star* under this ridiculous name', but 'in a manner so absolutely unlike the conventional musical criticism of the time', that his *feuilleton* was thought to be a joke, and his knowledge of music negligible. In fact his musical knowledge was extraordinary, and his judgement valuable if unorthodox.

Shaw detested musical journalese and set out to kill it. He never wrote it himself, but occasionally he pilloried it. For example, he quotes the following from a set of essays on *Form and Design in Music*, where a Mr. Heathcote Statham 'parses' Mozart's G Minor Symphony 'in the most edifying academic manner'. Statham seems to have written the following:

The principal subject, hitherto only heard in the treble, is transferred to the bass (Ex. 28), the violins playing a new counterpoint to it instead of the original mere accompaniment figure of the first part. Then the parts are reversed, the violins taking the subject and the basses the counterpoint figure, and so on till we come to a close on the dominant of D minor, a nearly related key (commencement of Ex. 29), and then comes the passage by which we return to the first subject in its original form and key.

I have quoted all the passage as Shaw quotes it, because it has a nice rounded balance of its own kind. And because Shaw, basing his ridicule on our acknowledged acceptance of the futility of such analysis, if transferred to poetry, composes a complementary period, which shall represent what he calls his 'celebrated "analysis" of Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide, in the same scientific style'. Mimicking Statham, Shaw writes:

Shakespeare, dispensing with the customary exordium, announces his subject at once in the infinitive, in which mood it is presently repeated after a short connecting passage in which, brief as it is, we recognise the alternative and negative forms on which so much of the significance of repetition depends. Here we reach a colon; and a pointed pository phrase, in which the accent falls decisively on the relative pronoun, brings us to the first full stop.

Despite such efforts at ridicule we must admit, I am afraid, that Shaw never succeeded in convincing musical critics of the inanity of such 'parsing'. If he had lived to be 100 he would have found present examples not only in writings about the classics (virtually word for word what Statham wrote), but also in writings by critics of such an

up-to-date phenomenon as the twelve-note school. For it is lamentably true that music composed within the twelve-note system lends itself readily to 'parsing', and that few critics, or musicologists, when writing of this music, can resist the temptation to palm off on us a pseudo-scientific analysis in lieu of an aesthetic judgement. The aesthetic judgement in music, as Shaw tirelessly expounds, can only be based on what the sensibility perceives of what the ear hears. He believed indeed that conditions of performance are always such that critics must resort to the scores to correct the textual and interpretative errors of performance. But the aim of the critic in public is judgement not analysis. Aesthetic judgement, as of the twelve-note music, for example, is unfortunately often difficult, while analysis is fatally easy. Yet judgement we must have (if only the judgement of time) while analysis is only make-believe and very boring.

Now Shaw tried to drive home the point that we never dream of stomachaching literary criticism so otiose and false. For the reason, according to him, that literature, drama, and poetry had never been academised in England as had been music and painting. Whether he got this opinion from Samuel Butler, or whether, as I guess, it was natural to them both, Shaw and Butler never wavered in their view that literature and drama and poetry are everywhere in England sustained and judged by what our sensibilities perceive directly when we read or go to the theatre. While in painting, sculpture, and music it tends to be the reverse. We do not allow our sensibilities to perceive directly in these arts. We go to exhibitions and concerts with labels in our eyes and ears. Emotionally charged words, like, say, abstraction and dissonance, distort our sensibilities. Therefore we do not perceive. And the public critics of these arts, rarely rising above the general incapacity, gurgitate out their flaccid and depressing English style, devoid of any elegance, wit, profundity, or perception—those virtues, which as Shaw and Butler knew, can come only from the real, if personal, judgement of an active sensibility.

But another consequence arose from Corno di Bassetto being really G.B.S., the future dramatist: his intense dislike of what he called English Festival Oratorio. Or rather, his fierce criticisms of oratorios were fed from two fires. He believed on the one hand that musical academicism not only stifled natural critical judgement, but stifled also original composition. So that composers of natural gifts were endlessly led astray down the path of Handelian and Mendelssohnian imitation. While on the other hand his literary appreciation of the Bible was insulted by the glaring discrepancy between the beautiful, virile, and often violently barbaric text, and the academic, sentimental, and bloodless music to which it was set.

Parry's 'Job'

One might say that the matter came to its hottest head over Parry's 'Job'. Shaw had avoided the *première* by not attending the Three Choirs Festival of 1892. But in May 1893, by design or accident, he 'unluckily went . . . to the concert of the Middlesex Choral Union, where the first thing that happened was the appearance of Dr. Parry amid the burst of affectionate applause that a ways greets him'. Shaw pretends to be unaware of what was in store until, 'up got Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, and sang, without a word of warning, "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job"'. Then, Shaw writes: 'I knew I was in for it; and now I must do my duty'.

One is sorry for Parry coming under the lash of Shaw's whip; but one is also sorry for Shaw. It is never pleasant for a critic to do his duty concerning a contemporary idol both of academic taste and the amateur public. Shaw did his duty in the following words:

I take 'Job' to be, on the whole, the most utter failure ever achieved by a thoroughly respectable musician. There is not one bar in it that comes within 50,000 miles of the tamest line in the poem. This is the naked, unexaggerated truth. Is anybody surprised at it? Here, on the one hand, is an ancient poem which has lived from civilisation to civilisation, and has been translated into an English version of haunting beauty and nobility of style, offering to the musician a subject which would have taxed to the utmost the highest powers of

Bach, Handel, Mozart, or Wagner. Here on the other hand is not Bach nor Handel nor Mozart nor Beethoven nor Wagner, not even Mendelssohn or Schumann, but . . .

Perhaps it is a little like using a sledge-hammer to crack a nut. Parry's 'Job' has gone the way of all such works. For the one certain thing about academic mediocrity is that it cannot outlast its generation. But Shaw was bent on ridding English musical life of pedantry and provincialism. He would acknowledge no English composer as a master till Elgar came. And of course he was right. Yet Shaw never despised Savoy Opera and Sir Arthur Sullivan. He had unstinted praise for what intelligent management like that of D'Oyly Carte could do with artists of genius like Gilbert and Sullivan, and with a professionally trained and permanent company. He as ceaselessly attacked Augustus Harris for his failure to run Covent Garden on such a basis. Although he admitted that it could never be accomplished without state aid. He regarded Covent Garden as anarchic and anachronistic, everything depending solely on the whims of star singers like the de Reszkes. So that no artistic policy was possible, the repertoire was haphazard, stage management, or as we would say, production, non-existent; there was no permanent company and the only two performances of 'The Ring' during the twenty years of the Harris regime were the work of a visiting German company—singers, conductor, orchestra, and all.

Shaw's Voracity and Catholicity

We have gone a long way since then. Our serious musical critics never cover the present-day musicals as Shaw covered Victorian comic opera. But Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, as we know them, are something Shaw only dreamed of, though he was prophet enough to know they would come. There is too much music nowadays in London for a critic in one person to cover both opera and musical. Yet it is refreshing to come across Shaw's voracity and catholicity. He had an appetite for everything, from Bayreuth to the village concert in Penalt, Mon. But he refused to get his values wrong. Parry was not Handel, as Sullivan was not Wagner. He makes one curious statement, that he considered the only composer who might have written an English 'Meistersinger', had his life-span been transposed, was Henry Purcell. In this he was remarkably perceptive of later taste, just as he was in his belief, a propos of the *première* of 'Falstaff', that there would come a Verdi revival when the Wagner craze had run its course.

Dramatic music interested Shaw especially. His favourite composer was Mozart; Mozart of 'The Magic Flute', and 'Don Giovanni'. Yet he appreciated Mozart for other and more particularly eighteenth-century virtues. As he writes:

In the ardent regions where all the rest are excited and vehement, Mozart alone is completely self-possessed: where they are clutching their bars with a grip of iron and forging them with Cyclopean blows, his gentleness of touch never deserts him: he is considerate, economical, practical, under the same pressure of inspiration that throws your Titan into convulsions.

But Shaw appreciated the Titans, too; at least those who, like Beethoven and Wagner, composed their pieces out of a developed dramatic instinct. He had much less sympathy with a lyrical genius like Schubert, and he failed utterly to see what there was in Brahms. He disliked Brahms because he regarded him as the arch-model for all those late nineteenth-century English composers who believed that the dramatically conceived sonata forms of Beethoven could be brought to life again by pouring into them lyrical and descriptive music, as we pour blanc-mange into a mould.

Shaw had an intense Augustan dislike for the confusion of genres. He disliked it in the theatre, and he disliked it in music. And he felt he detected it in the quartets and quintets and concertos and symphonies of the Mackenzies and Macfarrens, the Cowens, the Parrys, the Stanfords. He always wrote of Stanford as Professor Stanford, to underline the nature of his distaste. And he held that there was an inevitable war waged between Professor Stanford of the Royal College of Music rules of composition à la Brahms, and plain Charley Stanford of the Irish folk-song settings. Shaw discusses the matter at some length in his review of Stanford's Irish Symphony, beginning:

The success of Professor Stanford's Irish Symphony last Thursday was, from the Philharmonic point of view, somewhat scandalous. The spectacle of a university professor 'going Fantee' is indecorous, though to me personally it is delightful.

Shaw then goes on to examine the nature of the Irishman's relation to England, before he turns to the matter of folk-song, or 'folky' elements being introduced into concerted music. He talks of Mendelssohn

of the 'Scotch' Symphony, of Liszt, Bruch, Dvořák, and Brahms, as examples of composers using folkly elements of other races than their own, before he comes to examples of composers using folk-song of their own race, saying:

But in recent cases where the so-called folk-music is written by a composer of the folk himself, and especially of the Celtic folk, with its intense national sentiment, there is the most violent repugnance between the popular music and the sonata form. The Irish Symphony, composed by an Irishman, is a record of fearful conflict between the aboriginal Celt and the Professor.

Being half an aboriginal Celt myself I must admit I find this very refreshing. Being also a composer, I can appreciate this further Shavian observation:

The essence of the sonata form is the development of themes; and even in a rondo a theme that will not develop will not fit the form. Now the greatest folk-songs are final developments in themselves: they cannot be carried any further. You cannot develop 'God Save the Queen', though you may, like Beethoven, write some interesting but retrograde variations on it. Neither can you develop 'Let Erin Remember'.

That was written in 1893 and was still being echoed by Constant Lambert in 1934. For the matter of concerted music influenced by folk-song did not reach its greatest example until the works of Bartók. But the period is now definitely closed.

Shaw used his historical knowledge, his analysis of social conditions, his native perception always to cut through from the particular example to the general trend or problem. It is grasp of general conditions that gives his criticism so much acumen. To give another example, he once set down the following general principles, worthy, I think, of quotation:

Now the theatre-going public may be divided roughly into three classes. First, a very small class of experts who know the exact value of the entertainment, and who do not give it a second trial if it does not please them. Second, a much larger class, which can be persuaded by puffs or by the general curiosity about a novelty which 'catches on', to accept it at twice or thrice its real value. Third, a mob of persons who, when their imaginations are excited, will accept everything at from ten times to a million times its real value, and who will, in this condition, make a hero of everybody who comes within their ken—manager, composer, author, comedian, and even critic. When a form of art, originally good enough to 'catch on', begins to go down hill as *opéra bouffe* did, the first class drops off at once; and the second, after some years, begins to follow suit gradually.

But the third class still worships its own illusion, and enjoys itself rather more than less as the stuff becomes more and more familiar, obvious, and vulgar . . .

Is that not very shrewd observation about the various publics in a mass society? And is it not exactly what has happened to 'the Proms'?

Battles to be Fought

Men like Shaw are rare in any case. Musical critics of his quality and verve are very rare. But it is not outside the bounds of imagination to believe that young critics of today, in their thirties, could train their sensibilities as Shaw did his, enabling them to make judgements of acumen and value. There are always general trends that need critical expression and clarification. There are always out-of-date modes and academic pedantries. There are always new voices struggling for a proper critical appreciation. There are always battles to be fought against philistinism, mediocrity, and provincialism. Shaw believed that the critic must be tireless in his fight for standards and never satisfied. 'My only friends are those who give good performances', he once said. 'My enemies are those who in any way debase music'.

—Third Programme

The current number of *Architectural Design* (price 3s. 6d.) is devoted to the subject of speculative housing. American achievements are examined and the problem of raising housing standards in this country discussed. From the Phaidon Press comes *Egypt: Architecture, Sculpture, Painting in Three Thousand Years*, by K. Lange and M. Hirmer. This handsomely produced volume, which costs 50s., contains 224 monochrome and twenty colour plates.

The spring number of *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television* published by the University of California Press (British agents, Cambridge University Press), price 9s. 6d., contains an article by Robert Herridge on "Camera Three"—an Adventure in Education (an American television programme of which he is the producer), and an article on 'Educational Television in Pittsburgh' by Lewis Diana and Leonore Elkus.

Some Horrors of Childhood—II

On Not Rising to the Occasion

By ELIZABETH BOWEN

RISING to the occasion: I do not remember that it was ever called that. No, I am sure it was not. There was no name for what one was asked to do—in a way, this made it all the more ominous. A name, the grown-ups may have thought, would have made too much of it—pandered too much to juvenile self-importance. Children, in my Edwardian childhood, were decidedly played down rather than played up. 'Just be natural'—they used to say, before the occasion; 'nobody wants you to show off'. What a blow to ambition—what a slap in the face! 'Be natural'; really, what a demand!

Pleasure, Gratitude, and Sympathy

I could scent an occasion coming, a mile away. Everybody was going to be implicated in something tricky. Socially, 'they' were about to turn on the heat. It could be some primitive embarrassment was coming a shade nearer the surface than the grown-ups liked. This could have left me cold—*had* they left me out. But no, on what is known as an 'Occasion', children are useful. One was to be on tap. One would be on view. One would be required, and tensely watched. One would have to express, to register, something *extra*. Pleasure: 'Aunt Emmeline is coming, you know, today: do show her how happy you are to see her'. Gratitude, for a present or a party: 'And don't just mumble "Thank you": do smile, too!' Sympathy, with a grief: 'Look, here's poor Mrs. X. coming down the street: you need not say anything, just let her see you're sorry!' Interest, in anything that a senior chose to explain to one, tell one or point out to one. Enthusiasm, for anything one was caused to see—scenery, famous or noble persons, some dreary, intricate curio from the East.

React, child! Demonstrate! That was all they wanted. It was not unreasonable, really—a child like a stuck pig is a dreadful sight. I do not want, at all, to give the impression that my childhood was an emotional forcing-house, or, still more, an unduly social one. It was not such a bad preparation for after life. People are always going to expect one to react, in some way: no harm in learning to be quick off the mark. And reactions must be appropriate, not excessive. This cannot be drilled into the young too soon . . . or, can it? The Edwardians considered not. Today, I hear, many differ from them: there are some, aren't there, who go so far as to hold that children should not say 'Thank you' unless they do feel a surge of spontaneous gratitude, or 'Sorry'—when they tread on anyone's toe—unless they are truly stabbed by remorse. I do not think I can go into the rights and wrongs of it. I imagine there must be in each generation some children uneasily conscious of what is wanted, and uneasily certain they must fall short. They either cannot or will not deliver the goods.

Would this be recalcitrance, or plain nervousness? In me, it was a mixture of both—plus a wary dread of 'going too far'. If one crossed the very fine line, if one *went* too far, one's behaviour fell into the 'showing off' class. To celebrate the arrival of a visitor by whooping, prancing, clashing imaginary cymbals together over one's head was considered hysterical and excessive—I once tried it. And effusiveness, in the matter of gratitude, was, I was to discover, another error. 'Thank you, Mrs. Robinson, so very, very much for the absolutely wonderful LOVELY party!' 'Well, dear', my hostess would say with a frigid smile, 'I'm afraid it was hardly so wonderful as all that'. And, 'Who was that gushing little thing?' I could practically hear her say it, as I left the room. To this day I remember—and still with blushes, mortification—the awful number of marks that I overshot. After each excess, I had periods of stand-offish caution; I had to resort to the stodgy gruffness of manner allowed, I had seen, to little boys.

I connect so many occasions with stage-fright, paralysing self-consciousness, all but impotence. And, let me be clear, this was far from shyness. I was not a retiring child—I should not at all have liked to be banished from the scene of activity. I had dreams of glory in which I behaved conspicuously well, well to the point of evoking comment. But alas, in real life for a child to behave 'well' meant—

above all things—never to be conspicuous. An occasion is an orderly grown-up concept, an affair of a thousand-and-one rules. The accustomed actors are old stagers; it is only the child who must walk on without having been rehearsed; though, still, with enough instructions to make it nervous. You see, the poor child is in the picture, but not the centre of it—unless of course, it is at its own birthday party. The child dithers somewhere round the margin.

In my long-ago childhood, it was important what grown-ups thought. They were the censors, the judges. Today, they have less prestige, they have abdicated from power, gone down in status: in some families, they seem like a fallen upper-class. Children, like freedmen going round in gangs, are rather more, today, in each others' power. Well, I say 'more', but honestly, looking back, I see that this gang-formation did go on in my childhood also: as an underworld, blinked at by the eye of authority. We children put one another to drastic tests. There was, for one thing, the dire 'I dare you . . .'. Tree and roof climbing to the extremest heights, blindfold acrobatics on bicycles, one-leg hopping along the tops of walls, balance on parapets over deep railway cuttings—these were the *sine qua non*. I daresay they are today? All the same, physical ordeals were less scorching than non-stop criticism. At day school, we kept a narrow watch on each other—the glances shot from desk to desk in the classroom, and we trailed each other down the streets when we started home. Forever we were keeping each other up to the mark, without committing ourselves by saying what the mark *was*; and this amounted, I see now, to a continuous rising to an occasion which—unlike others—never came to an end.

Friendships, for instance, were exacting: they involved the almost daily exchange of secrets which had to be of a horrific magnitude, and so did plans for Saturday afternoons. This was Folkestone: there was the switchback railway, there was the outdoor roller skating rink, but we looked for something more desperate and more original. Keeping tryst with the dearest friend of the moment, it was fatal not to produce a bright idea. The search—for some reason—always devolved on me. I was forever devising, racking my brains and fancy, tying myself into knots, to think something up. The approach of a Saturday afternoon loomed over me far more darkly than school work.

'Well', the friend would say, 'so what *are* we going to do? A suspicious pause; 'Or haven't you thought?'

'Oh yes, I have!'

'I hope it's not something silly.'

Thus encouraged, I would unfold my plan. 'That does not sound much fun', she would remark. 'Still, it's too late to think of anything else, so I s'pose we may as well try. Come on.'

An un-thrilling Saturday could cool off a friendship. Folkestone in 1910 was dressy, law-abiding, and well patrolled; the amount of things children could do—bring off without being shouted at—was limited. Bye-laws, prohibiting almost everything, were posted up and down the Leas and along the woodsy paths of the undercliff. Oh, that initiative—why was I forced to take it? Yes, it took one's contemporaries, it took other children, to put that particular pressure on one. 'You put yourself out too much about your friends!' my mother would declare, as fagged-out, white in the face, I came tottering back to her through the Folkestone dusk. 'Why not let them amuse you, for a change, sometimes?' And indeed in my own mind I often wondered.

Looking 'Suitable'

Would the strain become less as I grew older? No: on the contrary. When I was fourteen, fifteen, the dress-problem raised its ugly head. It was necessary to look nice, as well as be nice. Still more, it was necessary to look 'suitable'. But, my heavens, suitable to what? For life was to bristle, from now on, with unforeseeable occasions. In advance, these were daydream occasions: I dressed accordingly. In those days, the teen-ager was unguided. Fashion, now so kind to that age-group, took no account of us. So, trial-and-error it was, for me. Outcome: errors. The rose-pink parasol with which I all but poked out somebody's eye at a cricket match; the picture hat in which I attended

a country lunch-party—only to be taken out ratting by my host; the ornamental muslin, with blue bows, in which I turned up at a grown-up beach picnic—that I disposed of by slipping off a rock into the sea. The splash was big, though the sea was shallow. The crisis obliterated my frock. Was my accident quite accidental? I cannot answer.

Yes, I think as a child I did better with my back to the wall—in extreme situations, among strangers. Whatever strangers could do to

me, they could not bite, and there was the hope I might never meet them again. It was my near ones, my dear ones, the fond, the anxious, the proud-of-me, who set up the inhibition. I could not endure their hopes; I could not bear to fail under loving eyes. I detested causing a disappointment. Perhaps I exaggerated the disappointment? Perhaps I did less badly than I imagined? You see, it mattered too much. I shall never know. For how does one rise—fully, ever—to an occasion?

—Home Service

Monuments of Imperial Rule in India

By O. H. K. SPATE

TO all of us, I suppose, archaeology is a study concerned solely with the remote and dusty past; but of course the archaeological method can be applied to history as well as pre-history. The preparations for the defence of Britain against the expected invasion of 1940 littered the island with potential raw material for archaeologists of the future; only it is hardly economic to employ this painful and often conjectural method of reconstruction to ages for which we have ample historical documents. But it is sometimes entertaining to wander among the material relics of past phases of our own civilisation, and to see how far our impressions of their culture square with what we know from the history books. When I was in India last January I was able to take a little time off from science congresses and planning boards, and I found the monuments of European rule a fascinating field for this modestly intellectual exercise.

It was perhaps the greatest glory of Lord Curzon as Viceroy that he did more than any other ruler of India to preserve the material monuments of her past. Now his empire in its turn is history and has gone to join its predecessors, the dynasties which have left their fossil imprints in palace and fort, temple and tomb, crowning rocky scarps or hidden in the jungle and the marsh. The most ambitious memorial of British rule is still alive and active: New Delhi is not yet on the road to ruin. I found the Secretariat even more bustling and bureaucratic than when I worked in it in 1944, only the names on the office doors were different. But already I feel a sort of melancholy piety in seeking out the relics of the great days of European expansion in the East. It is ironic that the earliest of the European dominions is the last to retain, however precariously, a territorial holding in India. Goa hangs almost by a thread; but the faith which the Portuguese brought with them retains a stronger hold, even where Portuguese power was displaced more than two centuries ago.

Thirty miles north of Bombay, for instance, commanding the great estuary which separates Salsette Island from the mainland, the Portuguese ramparts of Bassein stand up massively from the mangroves. The whole circuit of the walls, which in the seventeenth century sheltered perhaps 35,000 people, is intact; within them now live a handful of Hindu peasants, and two Franciscan fathers and a couple of dozen orphans in their charge. On the citadel the arms of Portugal look almost as if they had been cut yesterday, but all around are the mere shells of what were once fine baroque churches, roofless, with broken walls half split asunder and half held together by the roots and creepers of the jungle: in the stillness of the afternoon the only movement in the lifeless air is the effortless slow swing of the great kites circling overhead.

The Portuguese had a more than British capacity for military unpreparedness, redeemed morally though not materially by the most gallant last-ditch defences. When in 1739 Bassein fell to the Marathas after a stout defence, the victors promptly built a temple in the middle of the conquered town. But the people of the little fishing village which lies outside the walls are still in large part Christian, churches are more prominent than temples in the otherwise completely Indian town of Bassein a couple of miles away, and the little wayside shrines dotted over the countryside do not harbour Hindu gods, Hanuman or Ganesha or more local deities, but boldly carry the Cross. On Sundays one can still see the girls going to Mass in blouses and skirts of seventeenth-century cut, or even in saris topped by little mantillas of black lace.

It seems likely that this intimate impress of the Portuguese springs in the last resort from the fact that they fitted more naturally into the Asian society of their day. Where the Dutch and British pioneers in Asia, coming a scant century later, were definitely early moderns, the Portuguese were late medievals. They ran their business through a royal monopoly, cumbrous and creaking, as an instrument of commercial penetration and exploitation far inferior to the business-like chartered companies of Holland and England. Their leaders were soldiers, nobles or at least gentry: this can be read in their monuments. The armorial blazons on their gravestones have more of a flourish than the grander but more stolid tombs of the merchant princes who succeeded them. Then again the Portuguese were theocratic, always conscious of the duty of winning souls for Christ. The Church was bitterly hostile to heathendom, and especially Islam, but this was in a sense more intelligible to non-secular Asian societies than the clear-cut separation of the spiritual and the mundane life, the aloof neutralism in matters of religion, which marked the Dutch and English commercial companies. We might guess this from the little wayside crosses of Bassein.

So even where the Portuguese early lost or never possessed a legal and territorial base, their cultural influence rooted more deeply and subtly than that of the Dutch, perhaps even than that of the British, although of course with a far more restricted range. Even when both are nominally nineteenth-century Gothic, you cannot mistake an Anglican and a Roman



The seaward ramparts of the Portuguese fortress of Bassein, thirty miles north of Bombay
O. H. K. Spate

Catholic Church in India, even from some distance: the Anglican seems always to be standing at attention, the Catholic betrays its origins, quite apart from a clutter of minor statuary, by its Iberian Baroque detail.

I was enormously impressed by this contrast in Ceylon, where first the Portuguese and then the Dutch ruled, both for just 150 years. There is one perfect relic of Holland in Ceylon, but it is curiously aloof and isolated. At Galle on the south coast a rock-bound, flat-topped headland is still girdled by the Dutch fortifications, formal bastions and curtains in the manner of Vauban and his Dutch compeer Cohorn—in themselves a marked

contrast with the vertical, almost medieval, walls of Bassein, pierced for the lighter guns of the sixteenth century. Unlike Old Bassein, Old Galle is not a deserted city: on the grassy plateau within the walls sleeps a charming little town, entirely devoted to administration and residence, a town of clean narrow streets still with their Dutch names—the old ropewalk is still Leynbaan Street, and so on. Here and there you come across the house of some solid burgher: one has its classical doorway surmounted by a splendid red cock and the date: Anno 1683. But the picture is very different from the dreamy, half-feudal, romanticism of Bassein. Within its girdle of sea and rampart, Old Galle gives the impression of being locked away safely, neatly folded like some Dutch girl's household linen laid away in her dower-chest.

Below, separated by the broad gardens on the old glacis, is an altogether different town: the bazaar town, dirty but alive. It has its own fossils, of another kind, though: I was astonished to find the Hotel Sydney, complete with bar and billiards, a survivor of the days before Colombo Harbour was built, when ships on the Australian and Far East runs coaled at Galle. Coaling being what it was, those passengers who could afford it slept ashore, and many a returning squatter must have hailed the Southern Cross in the Hotel Sydney's beer. But the only visible sign of Dutch influence outside the Fort is a locked graveyard: the Portuguese church, built in the later nineteenth century, still dominates part of the bazaar town.

Protestant or Catholic, both were strangers in a strange land, and in one place they came together in a strange and moving manner. Hidden away in the unspeakably chaotic and filthy northern suburbs of Agra is a walled garden: the Old Cemetery on ground granted in 1604 to the



Ramparts of Old Galle, 'a perfect relic of Holland in Ceylon'

Jesuits by Akbar, that seeker for the truths behind religion. For some two centuries every European of any rank or fortune who died in northern India saw to it that he was buried in the only spot of consecrated ground, away from the trading factories scattered along the coast. Beside humble and forgotten martyrs and Jesuit missionaries who gave their lives in heroic travels and labours lie more worldly characters: merchants, freelance adventurers, ambassadors. The martyrs and the missionaries have simple, almost anonymous, grave-stones; some of their successors were interred with an almost imperial splendour.

The most prominent of these is perhaps Jacob Hessing, a Dutch soldier of fortune who died in 1803 and is buried in a splendid miniature of one of the greater Mogul tombs. Despite its rhetorical flourish, his epitaph has a good business-like note befitting a Dutchman: in the service of the Maratha war lord Scindia, his gallantry 'in the several Engagements leading to the Aggrandisement of that Prince' earned him 'the Esteem and Approbation of his Employer'; also, to judge by his mortuary magnificence, many lakhs of rupees. Not far away lies John Mildenhall, self-styled English ambassador to the Mogul, who died at Ajmer in 1614. The good Portuguese Fathers, unable to spell his outlandish name, above all, unable to conceive of an ambassador who was not entitled to the noble prefix, have turned him into perfect Portuguese: the slab of red sandstone bears the name João de Menendal, Ingles. And was the João Alemão who lives beside him a French Jean Allemand, or simply a German named Johann?

Now we too have our monuments, our stones which tell of the grandeur of empire and of the innumerable private lives which sustained it and were sustained by it. At Madras the Anglican Cathedral of St. George, nobly reminiscent of St. Martin's in the Fields, may have but a handful of European worshippers even at Christmas: but on the walls are English names and an English piety. Among them is a memorial which seems to me the most moving I have ever seen. It begins in formal Latin, the stilted manner of the eighteenth century: to the memory of one who was loved by his friends, esteemed by all who knew him, and was 'the Prefect first of Canara and then of Madura in these oriental regions'. Then the Roman pose breaks down and we are left with the simple heartbreak of the girl who had waited for him in England, and now mourned him 'not as wife but an espoused bride, not as a widow yet sorrowing as a widow'. Such are the fossils of faith and empire, a record as fragmentary and yet as imperishable as the fossils of the rock.

—Third Programme



The old cemetery at Agra with (background) the tomb of Jacob Hessing (c. 1803)

O. H. K. Spate

Among recent publications are: *The Foundations of India's Foreign Policy, Vol. I, 1860-1882*, by Bisheshwar Prasad (Orient Longmans, 25s.); *A History of Early Medieval Europe, 476-911*, by Margaret Deanesly (Methuen's History of Medieval and Modern Europe, 30s.); *Federalism and Constitutional Change*, by William S. Livingston (Oxford, 42s.); *Adam Smith and the Scotland of His Day*, by C. R. Fay (Cambridge, 25s.); *Political Theory*, by G. C. Field (Methuen, 18s.); and *Uruguay, Portrait of a Democracy*, by Russell H. Fitzgibbon (Allen and Unwin, 25s.).

The Landscape of the Big Street

CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD discusses urban regions in the United States

AMERICAN towns and cities have borrowed again and again from British town planning methods and ideas. Their early patterns were British, if we except the Dutch colonial plan of New York, or the Parisian layout of Washington, with its echoes in Buffalo, Indianapolis, and Detroit. It was an energetic Scotsman, Lord Bryce, who drew the attention of Americans to the inadequacies of their local governments, and in our own century British housing practice had a strong influence in the United States through men like Parker and Unwin, whose ideas were used by their American friends in getting the American housing movement started.

There is a danger, however, in taking over another country's town planning solutions and applying them in one's own. Britain has rightly been critical of the 'neighbourhood unit' theory, first put forward by the American sociologist Clarence Perry. The United States has not been critical enough of the British 'garden city-new towns' idea as a solution for America. For years now, Lewis Mumford has been advocating the new town and the neighbourhood unit as the solution to the problem of American blight and sprawl. It has recently become obvious that much bolder solutions are needed for the emerging American landscape.

Just a year ago, our researches at Yale University began to suggest a new context for physical planning, based on certain discoveries we had made about the American city. To the man in the street, these discoveries bordered on the sensational as he read about a city 600 miles long, with a population of 34,000,000 people—staggering figures: 'the Big Street', one of the weekly magazines called it, or, in the words of another, a gigantic linear city. Actually these accounts described the territory under study as it exists, and not any of our recommendations. The territory consists of that part of the eastern seaboard stretching from Portland in the state of Maine to Norfolk, Virginia, where the settlement pattern is marked by practically contiguous metropolitan areas, and forms what may be called an urban region.

This is the largest of these regions, the largest urban area in the world in fact: it contains the cities of Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, but there are others, of varying sizes and populations, notably in the regions of Cleveland and Detroit, from Chicago to Milwaukee in Wisconsin, Los Angeles to San Diego in California, and Miami to Palm Beach in Florida. The city today is often an arbitrary administrative and geographical unit, almost always part of a larger community which has as yet no recognised identity. It is for this reason that the Bureau of the Census and other authorities are turning for their data to broad-market and labour-market areas and to areas of services and transportation.

An area such as we have studied cannot be called a 'city', in the accepted meaning of the word. But this 600-mile stretch of the eastern seaboard is a kind of diversified great community, in the sense of problems shared, products marketed, financial and administrative patterns formed, and communications established. We have discovered a whole series of overlapping zones of communications, services, and other activities which bear out our first hypothesis—that there is an interdependence of parts over this large area, and that the entire region has an underlying structure.

From Maine to Virginia we have a physical setting on which for over 300 years man has modified the patterns of the land. It was, and

still is, the nerve centre of the United States. There is only one remotely similar area in the world—the North Atlantic European area, whence the founders of the newer area came. The eastern seaboard is now one of the world's greatest power centres. When you think of the United Nations headquarters, and Washington, Wall Street in New York, State Street in Boston, the numbers of company headquarters, the theatres, the great universities, and add to these a fifth of the population of the United States, you begin to realise how complex the social function of such a power centre must be.

Geographically speaking, it is a typical plain-plateau-upland formation with much of the plain being at the bottom of the sea, especially north of New York; there the flat land is broken and the Atlantic Plain drowned, except for the islands or promontories which rise above the ocean, like Cape Cod. The channels of the drowned rivers of the coastal plain have become great coastal ports—notably New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. South of New York the cities are almost all located on what is called the Fall Line—a line drawn through the main waterfalls of the many rivers, where they drop from the higher land on to the coastal plain. These sites were important in the early days for providing water power and marking the head of navigation. But below Norfolk, Virginia, the coast is sandy and shallow—more a scene of shipwrecks than of good harbours—which is one of the historical reasons why settlement is sparser south of tide-water Virginia until you get to Charleston, Savannah, and Jacksonville, and why our urban region peters out below Norfolk and Richmond. Here you will see the first cotton fields. It is like the change in the Rhone Valley between Lyons and Avignon, where modern France becomes Roman

Provence. Not that I mean to imply sleepiness in the modern urban south of the United States—industrially and in other ways it is booming—but the urban regions, where they exist, are still very small compared with those in the north, centre, and west.

The region's natural resources are minor—water power still provides some electricity, but coal has to come from over the mountains. There is no petroleum, there are no great mineral deposits, and very little good farming country, except for certain small patches like Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the home of the Pennsylvania 'Dutch'. Ore for the steel mills of Baltimore and Philadelphia comes from Canada and South America. But we must remember that the value of the ports is greater than ever: trade itself is a resource here, and the chief exports of the region to the rest of the United States and the world are intangibles of finance and management. It is still a great manufacturing area, but its products are not so much the root and branch of industry as the fine flower thereof, the products of taste and skill and science: dresses and hats, stage shows and books and magazines; calculating machines and aircraft engines. It is strongly 'white-collar' country—a region of commuters and cliff dwellers, of bureaucrats and junior executives, of technicians and professors, of writers and artists, of lawyers and bankers and politicians.

In the landscape of the Big Street, all distinctions between town, suburb, and country are becoming blurred. People are putting up houses (often built with their own hands) along country lanes and travelling by car every day to work somewhere else—it need not be in town any more, because the factories are in the fields too. The old pattern of clustering round a central



Map showing the 'largest urban area in the world', on the eastern seaboard of the U.S.A.

city is being broken up, and the jump over the suburbs is creating whole new zones of population, with unrelated service facilities like the new regional or inter-village shopping centres. These get built speculatively at points where access by highway will draw a certain number of customers, usually in open country, miles from any centre. New systems of 'freeways', like the great Garden State Parkway in New Jersey, connecting up the big cities along the coast or running through the resort country are opening up the countryside; manufacturing is moving out of the cities back to the hinterland where it began in America in the form of mills along the streams; and cross-commuting—across a whole state like Connecticut or Rhode Island, or across Manhattan—has assumed such proportions that the central city has become merely an obstacle.

It is a completely new pattern of settlement. It is not possible or perhaps even necessary to try to stop it, given a type of urban regional planning which can clothe man's new activities in the landscape with an appropriate form. We have had a kind of regional planning in the United States called river-valley resource planning—the Tennessee Valley Authority is the best-known example—but now we must face up to the need for urban regional planning. With this kind of planning, the ideal of the balanced community, of housing, some industry, offices, and recreation, which seems to be the planner's goal today, would prove in many places to be wrong for the region. It does not need much imagination to see that a well-planned urban region, with its belts of industry and recreation designed to be accessible to large numbers of people, would be a very different thing from so-called balanced communities, in which the range and diversity of economic and social interests are automatically kept within narrow bounds.

Our research, then, points to a new physical pattern of settlement, regional in extent. It has become clear to us at Yale, as the various functions are mapped, that the metropolitan centre is only one large regional centre among a hierarchy of mutually dependent ones. In the field of retailing, for instance, the vast area between the few cities which supply expensive goods may be divided into just two marketing areas, those of Boston and New York. For more widely used goods, additional centres in the same area will be added to the original centres. So that there are obviously different kinds of regional centres operating at different levels of importance. Large dormitory towns and satellite manufacturing cities may not be true regional centres at all, in the economic or even in the social sense, whereas small, local, regional centres may contain fewer than 1,000 people. Using several indices, and following the method of Professor Bogue of the Scripps Foundation, one of our studies showed the existence of dominant and sub-dominant centres which fall into place like a constellation of stars. We have even found that their spacing follows a pattern—centres of lower economic order are generally spaced half way between centres of higher order, and so on.

This suggests that instead of trying to force a new structure on urban society, there may be something logical existing already which can be improved. To the American, the ideal of the small town is held up in the television 'soap opera', by popular novelists and politicians, as the place where rural virtues persist, where people are good, honest home-folks and where the American way of life achieves its fullest expression. But ninety-seven per cent. of the estimated national population increase from 1950 to 1955 occurred in standard metropolitan areas. We have denied the fact too long that the American population is urbanised, even though some of it lives on farms. Small towns are no longer self-sufficient—they receive state and federal aid for schools and highways and scores of necessary services. The wage earners (often several in a family) travel to other communities to work. The family frequently travels miles for shopping and for recreation. The pattern is a regional one, awkward and wasteful though it may usually be.

What direction, then, should planning take in an urban region? First, the only hope for good local planning is to consider the position of the community in the hierarchy of places which make up the region—its reason for 'being', as it were, which will give strong clues as to its future. We have already found cities, now perhaps not the largest, which are bound to grow because of their strategic place in the overall pattern—the proximity of a big airfield, a wholesale distribution point.



Section of the New York State Thruway which runs from New York City to Buffalo, one of the new systems of 'freeways' which are opening up the countryside

Aerofilms Ltd.

Second, very specialised communities, economically speaking, are increasingly necessary in the region; instead of the aim of balance for these, their important functions should be stressed—local retailing, wholesaling, financial services, or whatever may be appropriate for the point in the region. We already have specialised places in towns which lead the insurance business, like Hartford, or towns which make only chocolate bars, like Hershey, Pennsylvania. This specialisation may be a dangerous basket of eggs in a system of every town for itself, but in a regional context it has a definite logic.

Third, some facilities—transportation and recreation being the most important—must be planned on a strongly regional basis and not just from city to city, as highways often are now. The enterprise of one eastern railroad in creating new commuter stations half-way between big city stops may be a step in the right direction here. For recreation, enormous new green spaces will be needed; but owing to improved long-range haulage of perishable goods, agriculture will probably not need any more land.

Fourth, the concept of regionalism in local government demands recognition. During the next year some of the best legal minds in the country will be working on this problem with the help of our law school and Professor Coleman Woodbury, of our own faculty. The cities and towns within a region will always have their own governments, but an instrument similar in form to a metropolitan council may be needed, under which the towns might come to have a status similar to that of the borough, with the big cities broken up into similar boroughs, each with their elected officials. Tax burdens would be shifted, and revenue redistributed, on a regional basis. The machinery has yet to be suggested in any detail, but it is interesting to hear powerful New York officials calling for 'a new type of local federalism across state lines' or a 'joint interstate-metropolitan government development commission' to solve their problems of transportation, water supply, and pollution control.

Given a proper administrative framework, which would include the function of regional planning, the planned regional city will usually have a considerably diversified economic base, including heavy and light industry, large and small business, and a variety of services—administrative, medical, educational, and cultural. It will be large enough (one can think in terms of at least fifty miles across for the smallest regional city in the United States) to include opportunities for all types of human activity, from the processing of raw materials to the enjoyment of wild nature. Through planning, the smaller centres can be properly related to the larger ones, and through the administrative pattern the local communities can preserve their individuality within the greater regional whole. This is all in the future, but I believe it will have to come. All our current problems of blight, slum clearance, overspill, and congestion derive from the very nature of the urban region.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

NEWS DIARY

July 18-24

Wednesday, July 18

Mr. Rakosi, First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, resigns

The Convention People's Party, led by Dr. Nkrumah, wins power in Gold Coast general election

The egg marketing scheme is accepted in the main by the commissioner who conducted an enquiry into objections to it

Thursday, July 19

Commons debate Cyprus

Mr. Macmillan states in Paris that there is no intention of changing the value of sterling in terms of foreign currency

Three-day state visit by King Feisal of Iraq to London ends

Friday, July 20

Chancellor of the Exchequer, presiding at meeting of National Production Advisory Council on Industry, speaks about the State and problem of redundancy

Britain joins the United States in withdrawing offer of financial help to Egypt to build the Aswan dam

Representatives of Football League clubs reject offers to televise their matches next season

Saturday, July 21

Mr. Bulganin arrives in Warsaw to attend celebration of Poland's National Day

Dr. Adenauer recalls Federal German Ambassadors from western capitals to discuss possible reductions in British and American forces in Germany

President Eisenhower flies to Panama to attend meeting of heads of American Republics

Sunday, July 22

In Panama, President Eisenhower makes proposals for improving the social and economic well-being of the American Republics

Eighty-seven people are killed in an earthquake in the state of Kutch on the west coast of India

Monday, July 23

Official strike begins in British Motor Corporation's factories: according to the Corporation, over half the men report for work

Commons begin two-day debate on foreign policy. Prime Minister says danger of war is receding

Tuesday, July 24

Scuffles between pickets and police take place outside B.M.C. works in Birmingham

Court of Enquiry into wages dispute in steel industry holds first meeting

President Nasser attacks United States in speech at Cairo



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Eton College on July 22. Her Majesty is seen, accompanied by the Provost, Mr. Claude Elliott, crossing School Yard after attending morning service in the college chapel. Behind her is the Duke with the Headmaster, Mr. Robert Birley



A scene from 'I Lombardi' with which the Welsh National Opera Company opened a week's season of Verdi's operas at Sadler's Wells on July 16. 'I Lombardi' has not been performed professionally in this country for over 100 years

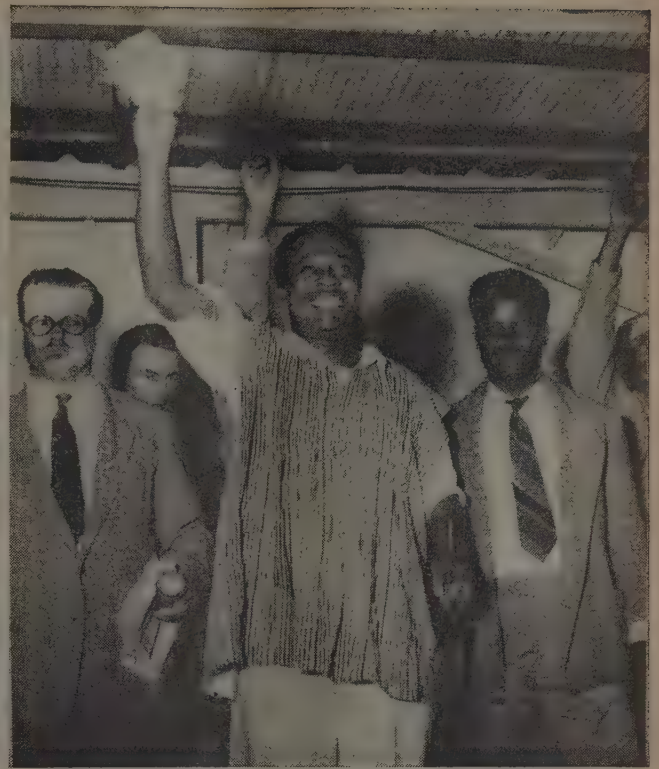
A bulldozer clears storm debris. Many houses were damaged



Sir Cuthbert Burgess in the recasting of the 42-ton bell. The bell sounded for the first time on July 20. The bell was recast by the Whitechapel Bell Foundry



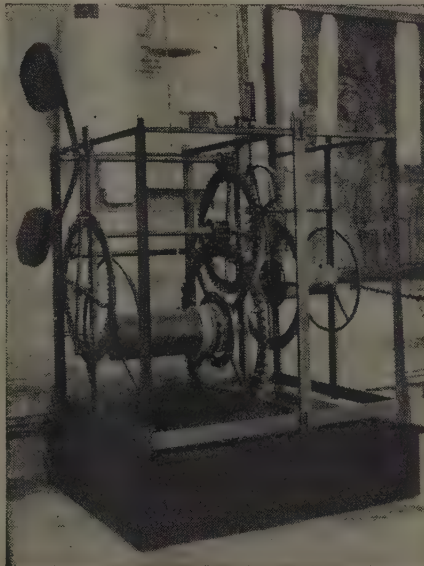
from a road in a housing estate at Swanley, Kent, flooded after last Thursday's thunderstorm. The rainfall so far this month is the heaviest for July for more than eighty years



Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, acknowledging the cheers of his supporters at Accra on July 18, after his party, the Convention People's Party, had been returned to power in the general election



Mayor of London, lending a hand in the installation of the new peal of twelve Bells at the Whitechapel Bell Foundry. The decoration was that of the original peal which was made in London over 600 years ago



The ancient clock of Salisbury Cathedral (made in 1386) which has recently been restored to working order and is on view in the north aisle. It is believed to be the oldest working clock in the world. The mechanism lay discarded in the Cathedral tower for over forty years after it was replaced by the present clock in 1884

Right: the entrance hall of Ragley Hall, Warwickshire, home of the Marquess of Hertford. A grant for repairs to the house, the earliest part of which dates from the seventeenth century, has been made by the Ministry of Works. The decoration in the entrance hall (c. 1750) is considered to be among the finest of the period



Aspects of Africa

Africa and the Future

By WILLEM VAN HEERDEN

WORLD peace depends in great measure upon an improvement in relations between the white and non-white peoples of the world, and Africa with white populations inter-planted amongst its predominantly non-white races has become the laboratory where a solution for the colour-relations problem of the world has to be found, or where all efforts to find a solution must fail. Of our responsibility in this respect, all Europeans in Africa are fully aware. We know that the eyes of non-European politicians in the Far East, the Indian sub-continent, the Middle East, and of many colonial countries are upon us; and so long as it can be said that there is discrimination against non-Europeans in Africa, so long will there be a major source of tension in the world. Colour discrimination will surely exist in Africa so long as policies exist—no matter what they are called—which are based upon colour distinctions within the same bi-racial societies.

Solution Based on Christian Principles

No matter what differences we Europeans in Africa may have amongst ourselves, we all agree that we owe it to Africa, and the world, to try to find a solution and that such solution has to be based on the Christian principles of our western civilisation, on justice to individuals as well as communities.

Secondly, we have to accept that all Native peoples in Africa will ultimately reach independence in some form. The political relationship between European and non-European populations have nowhere in Africa been moulded to certain preconceived patterns which have never been allowed adjustment to changing circumstances. In fact, both in the Union and elsewhere important changes have already taken place, following Native emergence from primitive tribalism. It is generally realised that further and even bigger changes are imminent; that Native peoples everywhere are reaching the stage where they will be demanding, and to increasing extent be entitled to, the privilege of self-determination. That is why the one problem which increasingly exercises the mind of the European section is how to reconcile those admitted non-European claims with European racial and political security.

Thus the Europeans in Africa will never abandon their desire for racial and political security. You in Britain may or may not sympathise with this desire. Perhaps it requires an imaginative effort to do so if you have no experience of a multi-racial country. Or perhaps you do sympathise purely because you believe, as indeed I do, that it would be a disaster for the West in general if western political influence and leadership in Africa should pass into history. Ultimately the West, western political concepts, will have to compete for Africa's favours with those from the East. I leave it to you to appraise what, when that time comes, the strategic disadvantage to the western world will be in the case of an Africa ruled entirely by non-whites, as compared with a continent in which at least some bridgeheads of western political leadership, or paramouncy, would have been permanently retained.

But even if this consideration seems remote, I believe you have simply to accept as an unalterable fact that we Europeans of southern Africa have no intention whatever of relinquishing our political hold on those parts of Africa which we consider belong to us. This applies whether we live in the white Highlands of Kenya, in Rhodesia, or in the Union of South Africa. No matter how much we may differ amongst ourselves as to the best method of maintaining, first, our identity as a white race and, secondly, political paramouncy in our white homelands, there is no disagreement about these aims themselves. We may quarrel about terms like *apartheid*, integration, partnership, and others, but to nearly all of us in the final instance they mean much the same thing, expressing as they do, in different ways, our determination to survive. It is about the methods that, for the time being, we differ.

The main differences need examining more clearly. First, there is a small school mainly represented by the Liberal Party in South Africa. This school takes the view that it is no longer possible to disentangle the South African human scene into its colour components, and that

we therefore have to accept and to aim at a common society from which all colour distinction has to be eliminated. Its adherents admit that their solution, if successfully applied, would ultimately eliminate both the racial identity and the political authority of the European section. But that, they say, will happen in any case and must, in the African set-up, unavoidably follow in the wake of Native advancement.

The second school of thought is, numerically, a much more important one. It aims at a common society of a qualified nature, with full economic integration, strict social segregation, and limited political representation for the non-European majorities. As to the actual extent of limitation, there is any amount of difference between the adherents of this school, but they are all agreed that it has to stop short of threatening the existing political paramouncy of the European minorities.

Lastly, there is the third school, to which I personally belong, whose aim is known to the world at large by the much-maligned term *apartheid*. What it actually emulates is the parallel development of white and black nations, each in its own homeland or homelands. Their goal, it will be obvious, is the direct antithesis of that aimed at by the first school. The one looks forward to one common nationhood; the other to completely separate nations. The one envisages and accepts the disappearance of European political supremacy everywhere in Africa. The other is determined that European racial identity and political paramouncy shall be retained in what I have referred to as European homelands in Africa. Between these two schools, then, there is consequently, really nothing to discuss. They aim at opposites, and time alone can decide the issue between them.

But it is altogether a different matter as far as the second and third schools are concerned. They have a common purpose in so far as they both aim at the survival of the European in Africa. And besides being in agreement about white survival, both these schools agree that justice has to be done to the non-European people. This is that common denominator between Mr. Strijdom and Lord Malvern, between the vast majorities of the European populations of the Union and of Central Africa, and also between the main political parties of the Union. It is, as I said before, about the methods that they differ.

Arguments for *Apartheid*

The two main arguments proffered by the third school, that is those who favour *apartheid*, against the second school's point of view are these. First, we believe, you cannot possibly envisage common societies of a lasting nature in which the political paramouncy of minority groups, the whites, will have to be maintained on the basis of unequal vote values for the white and the black members of such societies. That would amount to colour discrimination at its worst. It will be morally indefensible, and it would certainly not be endured by the non-white elements of such societies once they reach the stage of development where they would become conscious of such discrimination against them in what is admitted to be a common society. No such system is conceivable which would at one and the same time guarantee security for the white man as well as justice for the black. In fact, such an arrangement would be the ideal set-up for non-white political leaders (call them agitators if you want to) to awaken a feeling of racial injustice, and to stir up racial antagonism and unrest.

Our second argument against such qualified integration is that in any case you cannot force peoples and races into a unity. It is difficult enough where they are racially related and have the same background, with little or no difference in their way of life and standard of civilisation. It has proved to be impossible and futile where the races in question are as incompatible as the Native races of Africa and north-western Europeans have shown themselves to be, wherever they have met anywhere in the world. I need hardly refer you to the Southern States of America, to the problems which loom up at this moment in the West Indies, to the tragedy of Algeria, and to the reactions which you have seen in Britain at every point where immigrants from Jamaica and West Africa have appeared in any noticeable numbers. Nowhere

in southern Africa, in spite of the studious efforts by yourselves and by France and Belgium, can relations between Europeans and non-Europeans be said to be completely happy. Such co-operation as does exist is strained. A sense of conflict, interspersed with little outbreaks at one or the other point every now and again, exists intermittently from the Senegal right down to Table Bay.

Consequently the supporters of *apartheid* hold that the white race—I prefer to speak of white 'race' and not 'races'—in southern Africa has only two real alternatives to choose between: the first is to relinquish the ideal of its continued existence in Africa, and to accept the fact of its eventual disappearance either by clearing out, or by submersion into the quicksand of African native blood, or both. The other is to plan and to develop southern Africa on the basis of future separate white and black nations.

It is this second alternative that some of your newspapers and politicians have been condemning now for a number of years as un-Christian. Is it? Since when has it become un-Christian to refuse to commit suicide? I believe that the Union of South Africa, if given a fair chance, could by itself go a long way towards practical application of this policy of establishing separate communities, to culminate, eventually, in separate nationhoods. But I do not believe that the Union, alone, could go all the way. For that we would need the co-operation, in the first place, of Britain.

In this respect may I remind you of two facts. The first is that, with the possible exception of one or two tiny stretches, no land in South Africa was ever conquered from the Bantu by force. The Europeans settled on unoccupied land and bartered other portions from the Native chiefs. Their right to what is now called European South Africa is legally and morally indisputable. Secondly, almost half of what in 1909 was called 'British South Africa' was and still is Native territory. Only a small proportion of these traditional Native homelands, however, was included in the Union of South Africa which was formed in that year. The rest was retained by Britain, temporarily it was understood, as the three so-called Native Protectorates.

A considerable proportion of the present non-European population living in the white areas of the Union are Natives who originally hail from these Protectorates. The population of Basutoland has remained static for the last ten years, not because there is no natural increase but simply because Basutoland pushes the annual increase over the Union's borders. In the circumstances it will be appreciated that these territories,

together with those of the national homes of the Bantu peoples within the Union's jurisdiction, have to be included in a complete scheme of separate development of European and Bantu South Africa if the broad lines of their traditional homelands have to be followed.

I know that you in Britain are wary of both the term and the concept of 'transfer'. I am not going into the pros and cons of that: but surely a way short of complete transfer could be found between two friendly countries, a way of friendly co-operation towards a goal which, no matter how you presently might doubt its wisdom or its practicability, must in the meantime indisputably benefit at least the Native peoples of the Protectorates? Eventually, I believe, there will have to be more to it than co-operation between South Africa and Britain. The Federation of Central Africa will have to come into the picture at an early stage, and eventually the whole question of relationships between the permanent European and non-European races will have to be settled on a sub-continental basis. I mention the Federation specifically because it is, politically, advanced much further than any other sub-Saharan territory apart from the Union, and will be the first to be threatened with either violent racial troubles or with political extinction of the European minority in a common society.

When I say that the Central African Federation has to come into the picture, I do not imply *Anschluss*, or if I may be permitted a more contemporary term, *enosis*, with the Union of South Africa. Although I believe that eventually by far the greater part of southern Africa will belong to the black races, I also believe that there is enough room, and more than enough good reason, for at least two future powerful European states on the sub-continent, which should, if possible, include the white highlands of Kenya.

These are some of the wider questions underlying the present attempt to introduce *apartheid* in South Africa. You may castigate us for being pessimists, for accepting the evidence of many countries besides our own that white and black cannot successfully share the same societies; or for being 'idealists' in attempting the radical economic reorganisation of our peoples. Many of our critics confound themselves by accusing us of pessimism and idealism at the same time. These abstract nouns are, in any case, idle: we are more interested in sincere attempts to understand what it is that we are doing, and why, and to balance against the difficulties that we face a just appraisal of our concern for problems beyond our borders, as well as within them.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Transfer of Political Power

Sir,—In his talk entitled 'The Transfer of Political Power' (THE LISTENER, July 12), Professor Fawzi suggested that the transfer of political power from an imperial to a colonial people may be much assisted by a rigid framework of dates for the completion of the successive stages of the process. By way of confirmation of this thesis he evinced the example of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, where the handing over of the reins of government was happier than in most other countries because of the presence of a third party to the dispute, namely the Egyptians; after the signing of the 1953 Anglo-Egyptian agreement all parties were anxious to observe its terms, until in the end the Sudanese parliament unanimously voted for a declaration of independence rather than go through the long process of a referendum.

In the following remarks an attempt will be made to show that while a definite agreement on dates may make for good relations during the process of handing over power, such precision can in no way provide an adequate substitute for wise provision for such problems as the rights of minorities; the continued intervention of a third party, moreover, may in the long run prove to do more harm than good.

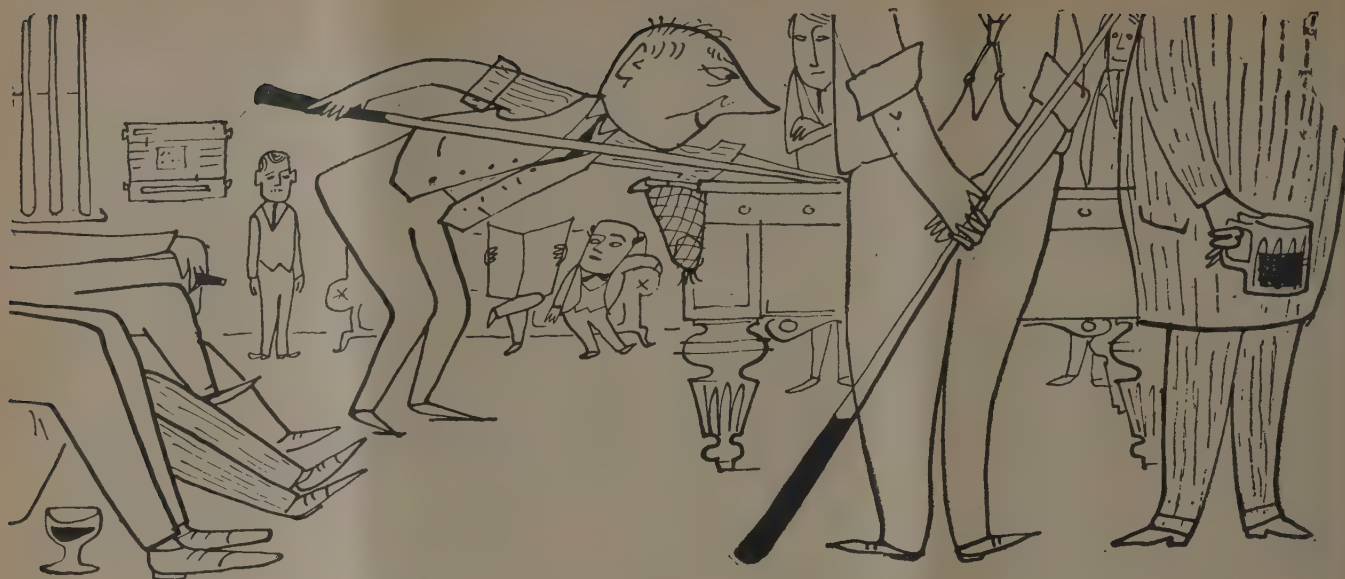
A first difficulty arose from the fact that when

the British set up the Legislative Assembly in 1948 the Ashigga party and all those Sudanese who at the time were favouring a political link with Egypt were unwilling to take part or seek office. When therefore the National Unionist Party contested and won the elections in 1953 it had the emotional advantage of not having 'collaborated' with the British imperialists, but its leaders had much less experience of the management of affairs than its defeated rivals. Had there been no external power supporting the unionists with regular sums of money, it is likely that they would have acted as Dr. Nkrumah in the Gold Coast, for instance, and have gained valuable experience that might have averted such a tragedy as the mutiny of the southern Sudan.

Secondly, the Sudanisation of the Civil Service turned out in the end to be very different from what was originally envisaged. It had been intended to Sudanise only the Political Service, the police and the Sudan Defence Force, together with a small number of other officials who might be held to have special opportunities of interfering with the free expression of Sudanese opinion on the issue of independence or a link with Egypt. The idea was not only to prevent the British and Egyptian officials in the Sudan from interfering, but also to show the

people unmistakably that they need not vote for independence, presumably what the British administration wanted, but could fearlessly opt for a link with Egypt if they liked. In the event the Sudanisation committee was dominated by its Egyptian and Sudanese members, and effected a very extensive dismissal of British officials, being clearly influenced by nationalistic sentiment and by a general desire among the educated class for promotion as much as by political considerations. By the time Sudanisation had taken place, however, feeling in the country swung so completely in favour of independence that the envisaged referendum on the link with Egypt was never taken. As far as affecting election results was concerned, Sudanisation might never have taken place, but the consequent retardation of research and development in the country has been great.

Finally the Anglo-Egyptian agreement solved the problem of the southern Sudan only by refusing to admit its gravity. Professor Fawzi speaks of the need for building a nation out of what is now a state, and presumably envisages that eventually by the spread of the Arabic languages, and perhaps also of Islam, north and south may one day come to have a greater sense of belonging together. Yet in view of the poverty of the resources of the Southern Sudan, its low



the things they say!



I.C.I. spent more than 30 million quid last year on new plants. That's what I like to see — big ideas being put over in a big way!

Yes, but isn't there a danger of a company getting too large?

Why so?

Because the sort of centralised control you get in big organisations kills initiative and smothers everything in red tape — costs rise and efficiency falls.

But I.C.I. doesn't work that way.

It has 13 operating Divisions, and each is largely master of its own affairs. Certainly, the end-product of one is often the raw material of another, but there's plenty of rivalry between them.



Well, if the Divisions are run as separate concerns, what was the sense in merging them?

So as to make a common pool of all their research and technical knowledge — and of their buying and selling, too, whenever that could be done with advantage and economy.

Is that all?

By no means. The merger also meant that the best brains in the business would be available to plan for all. And by putting all their money into one "kitty", they made sure that their ambitious new plans wouldn't fail for lack of capital.

You sound as if you really believed in I.C.I.'s sort of bigness!

I do. I.C.I. has to be as big as it is, to do the very big job it is doing.



density of population and its extreme difficulty of communications, it seems unlikely that unifying influences will be able to work fast enough to weld the region together before its own leaders have intensified their demands for federal status, if not for complete independence. In fact it is possible to hold that the Southern Sudan should never have been incorporated with the north in a single political unit, and that if it had not been for the Egyptian half of the condominium it would have been both advisable and practicable for Britain to draw the political boundaries differently long since.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

K. M. BARBOUR

Josephus

Sir,—I am sure a great many of your readers besides myself, in particular your Jewish readers, will have been repelled by the repeated comparison, in Mr. Martin Braun's recent talk on Josephus (THE LISTENER, July 12), between the ill-fated Jewish rebellion against the Romans in the years 66-70, and the nazi-German military adventures of our own century. When Mr. Braun goes on to refer to the zealots as 'gangsters' to be likened to the 'nazis at the top' and Josephus to a von Papen or Schacht, repulsion is turned to amazement at this extraordinary and unlicensed exercise of the imagination.

If it is necessary (or even possible) to seek historical analogies to the hideous regime of the nazis with its lust for world-conquest, its savage exploitations and mass-murders, then we should surely pitch on the cruel Roman legionaries and the vicious procurators, rather than their Jewish victims who, at best, were fighting to defend their sacred shrine, and, at worst, to overthrow an odious foreign tyranny and restore their national independence. It is unfortunate but natural that at such times unworthy and fanatical elements should tend to get the upper hand.

Mr. Braun is little happier, it seems to me, in pursuing his analogies into remoter antiquity. Josephus may have regarded himself as a latter-day Jeremiah (though the evidence for this is slight) but there is little excuse for a modern historian to take the claim seriously. His achievement in forecasting Vespasian's accession to supreme power is surely more akin to fortune-telling than to prophecy, that is if the term 'prophecy' is to be given any serious value. Josephus's contemporary, Rabbi Johkannan ben Zakkai who likewise (according to the Talmud) successfully predicted Vespasian's elevation to the imperial dignity, was (if we are to trace analogies of this kind) the truer Jeremiah-personality of the two. For if he (like Josephus) disassociated himself from the zealot party, he also (like Jeremiah and unlike Josephus) refrained from accompanying the victorious home-ward procession of the conqueror. R. Johkannan was no formal historian like Josephus, but in founding the academy at Jabneh in the very hour of defeat he proved that his sense of the continuity and permanence of Jewish history was sound. It is this sort of active discernment and this clear possession of the main principles of Israel's religious destiny which mark the genuine prophetic mind, rather than the clever application of the stoic *fatum* to the Hebrew oracles after the manner of Josephus.

Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 2

HAROLD FISCH

The History of the Codex

Sir,—Mr. C. H. Roberts, in his talk on *The Codex* (THE LISTENER, July 19), gave evidence for this format far earlier than any I have hitherto seen published. On one aspect I should welcome further information, that is on the binding technique of the earliest codices and their precursors the parchment tablets.

Craftsmen, no less than worshippers, are conservative in their ways, and the codex is a much more complicated structure than the scroll. The introduction to the Egyptian Christians of a new form of book would seem to imply not only the importation of a revered text but also of a craftsman able to transmit the new method of book construction.

If it is possible, from the material remains, to compare these binding techniques, it would be a valuable check on the postulated link between Rome and Alexandria.—Yours, etc.,

Portsmouth

J. D. MOODY

Sir,—Mr. Roberts in suggesting the invention of the codex is to the credit of Christianity is giving the wrong reason for the right answer.

Some of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament show signs of having been written on quires that are the elementary form of codex, the end of Acts and Mark can be best explained on this hypothesis, and the occurrence in Second Corinthians of breaks equidistant from the beginning and ending are a formidable obstacle to the roll theory.

But his speculations if interesting seem less probable than an explanation based on technological change. The Old Testament, the Dead Sea scrolls are an excellent example, was generally written on leather, not so refined in preparation as parchment, in carbon ink. The alternative was the papyrus roll, a form of great artistic merit well suited to ornamenting a library. Both were dear, and the carbon ink-papyrus codex would be cheaper if more fragile and so Christianity is responsible not so much for the invention as for the exploiting of this form. Not much later than New Testament times the use of iron-salt inks on parchment provided a cheap, durable, and easily written book and this superseded the papyrus prototype.—Yours, etc.,

Fraserburgh

A. Q. MORTON

Edwin Arnold and 'The Light of Asia'

Sir,—Mr. Francis Watson's difficulty in ascertaining the exact religious beliefs held by Edwin Arnold (THE LISTENER, June 14) will disappear if he can make a fairer and more sympathetic appraisal of Arnold's life even on the facts he mentions in his talk. He will then be convinced that Arnold's morally courageous acceptance of an honorary membership of the International Buddhist Society was in itself a sufficient profession of his faith (if formal profession were needed) at a time when in England 'the use of the word religion in the plural' (to quote Mr. Watson's allusion to F. D. Maurice's book) was 'shocking' and that Arnold, to all intents and purposes, was a Buddhist.

I shall pass over the many *non-sequiturs* in Mr. Watson's broadcast. But to say that Arnold 'had none of the pessimism of the doubters... and was a healthy, good-living optimist, too extroverted, no doubt, to penetrate the complex metaphysics of Buddhism' is to advance a whole group of unjustifiable postulates against the fundamental teachings and spirit of Buddhism too naive to need any attempts at disproof.

Considering the fact that *The Light of Asia* is undoubtedly the most widely known English poem in the East and is also regarded as the most popular account of the Buddha's life-story and doctrine wherever the English language is read, it is a matter for considerable surprise that Arnold, with his unique international fame, has not yet found a biographer.

Of the Buddhist countries visited by Arnold, Ceylon—the stronghold of Southern Buddhism—can, I think, claim the honour of having been considered by him as his 'spiritual home'. Her vast two-millennium-old Buddhist archaeological remains, her mighty stupas and the ancient peace of her temples impressed him profoundly,

and with many of her learned Buddhist monks Arnold formed lasting friendships. Pre-eminent among such monks was the renowned Buddhist prelate and savant who enjoyed a European reputation for Pali and Sanskrit scholarship—the late Venerable Weligama Sri Sumangala Nayaka Thero with whom he carried on a most intimate correspondence between the years 1891-1901, particularly on the subject of regaining the guardianship of Buddha-Gaya and other sacred sites of Buddhism in India to the hands of Buddhists for the unrestricted worship of the Buddhists of the world. The originator of this bold idea was the foremost Buddhist missionary to the world in modern times—the late Anagarika Dharmapala of Ceylon, founder of the Maha Bodhi Society—who was Arnold's close friend and collaborator in the enterprise. Some of these letters, recently found in a temple near Colombo, have been photostated by Ceylon's Historical Manuscripts Commission.

Mostly written from the London office of the *Daily Telegraph*, the letters vividly reveal Arnold's tireless efforts in this direction and contain references to personal interviews he had had with two respective Viceroy's of India; the Secretary of State for India—Lord Cross—"at the house of the Prince of Wales" and other British statesmen and high Indian officials whose aid he invoked for a cause that would (to quote his words) 'delight the hearts of four hundred millions of Asiatic people'. Mention is also made of the King of Siam and of other notabilities (mostly Buddhist) in India, Ceylon, Burma, and Japan with whom he was communicating for 'the great cause' (to quote again from his letters) 'to reconquer India for Lord Buddha to whose gracious name she belongs'. And in furtherance of his aim, he wrote and published (as stated in these letters) lengthy and prominent articles in the *Daily Telegraph*. Notwithstanding the goodwill and co-operation of the British authorities, various causes prevented Arnold from succeeding in his difficult mission during his own lifetime. Yet his selfless ardour and broad humanitarianism are of touching and grateful interest to the Buddhists of the world.

May the hope be entertained that a well-written and fully documented biography of this great Englishman whose memory constitutes a golden link of international significance, will not be long delayed?—Yours, etc.,

Matara, Ceylon WILMOT P. WIJETUNGE

G. K. Chesterton

Sir,—A correspondent in THE LISTENER of July 5 (Mr. A. L. Savage) describes a scene at the Cambridge Union, where Chesterton interrupted a speaker by shouting 'Oh, go and read some history', and was reduced to silence when he learned that it was the Regius Professor of Modern History he was addressing.

Would Mr. Savage provide your readers with chapter and verse? The date? The name of the professor? The authority on which his narrative is based? Anybody who ever had an hour's conversation with Chesterton will agree that the story, as it stands, is a very improbable one.

Yours, etc.,

Mells

R. A. KNOX

Authority in Industry

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of July 19 you were good enough to report a talk I broadcast on 'Authority in Industry'. In the course of this talk I said that a book—*Dynamic Administration: Being the Collected Papers of Mary Parker Follett*—was out of print. I had this information in good faith but I now find it is wrong, and the publishers, Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons Ltd., inform me that the book is neither out of print nor even out of stock.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

FREDERIC HOOPER

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

AT the Tate Gallery there are at present four large figures executed in high relief by Matisse. I hope the public will go to see them.

In the correspondence columns of *The Times* the appeal for funds which the Trustees of the Tate have launched to enable them to purchase the complete set has provoked a recital of familiar complaints. There can be no final victory in an argument about works of art. The advocate must be judged, not by his ability to lay facts together and to construct an edifice of argument upon them, but by his power of understanding the intentions and assessing the achievements of the artist. If these critics had attempted to convince us that Matisse intended to produce, or unintentionally succeeded in producing, works having little or no permanent value, mere ephemerals of fashion, we might listen to them with respect. But this they have not done. What they say amounts to very little more than this: 'We do not like Matisse and at any rate he will soon be out of fashion.'

So he may, El Greco became unfashionable, so did Piero della Francesca; unless we are ready to assert that these artists may only be admired because they are once more in fashion (thus implying that fashion is the only value in a work of art) this argument falls flat. If, on the other hand, we accept the argument we end in an impossible position. That which is fashionable is condemned because it may depreciate in value, that which is unfashionable must be accounted worthless. If we are to buy works of art for our galleries we must, as far as possible, disregard the fluctuations of the market and the irrelevant clamour of those who will or can make no effort to understand the art of the past fifty years. We must in fact look at the things themselves and try to discover whether they have some permanently valuable qualities.

Confronted by these four huge bas-reliefs I, for my part, was enormously impressed, far more so than when I saw the photographs. I am convinced that the series would make a noble addition to our gallery. Admittedly these lumpy angular figures are no pins ups; they represent the heroic, as opposed to the charming, element in Matisse's art (they come very near to the 'Femmes aux Ruisseau' of 1917) and, as we may judge from the successive deformations and simplifications throughout the years, are the product of an abiding theme in the artist's imagination. The development is in the direction of ever-increasing generalisation; in the first of the series there is an almost gothic preoccupation with the accidents and irregularities of the human body; in the final version we are confronted by something that might be the monument of an unknown civilisation. The woman's body is converted into a plastic symbol perfectly matched with the wall against which she stands. This simplification has been achieved without emptiness and without any passages which betray a loss of interest—a rare feat in sculpture. I think I understand the feelings of the objectors

—these are brutal figures, utterly devoid of grace, but their brutality results from genuine feeling (perhaps that is why it shocks us) and the more one studies them the more impressive they become.

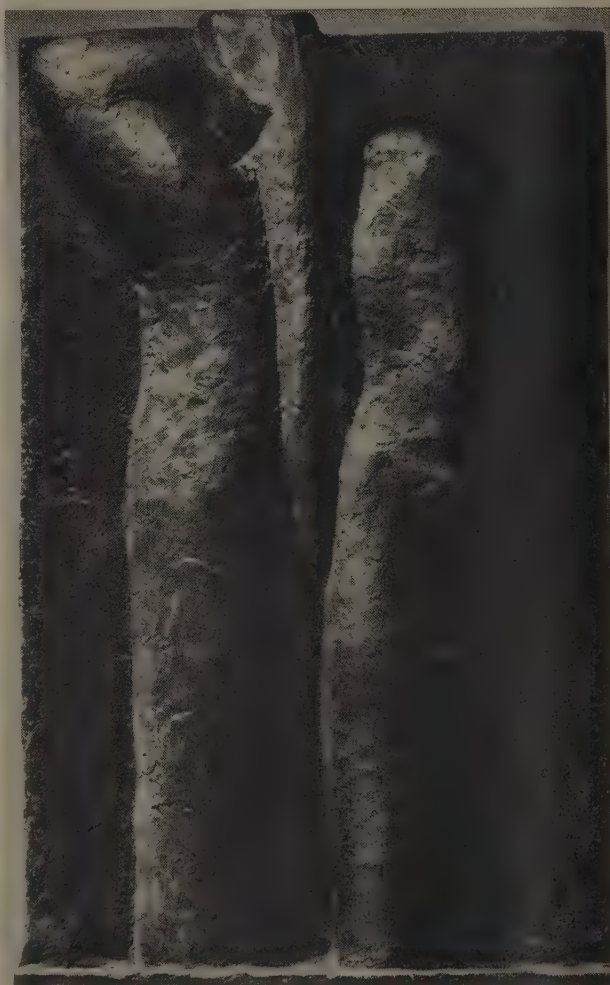
Having said so much about the dangers of condemning fashionable art I must be careful to do justice to the painters whose work is to be seen at Messrs. Gimpel Fils and who are very much more *à la mode*

than Matisse. These painters are, for the most part, attempting to create abstract forms and to enliven them by the use of accidental effects. Mr. Peter Potworowski leaves areas of patched canvas uncovered, Mr. Jackson Pollack spatters paint over a pleasing drawing, Mr. Norman Bluhm and some others reduce the whole canvas to a seemingly incoherent collision of colours. Undeniably there is great charm in accidental qualities, they arrest the spectator and amuse his imagination. But it does seem to me that these painters are pursuing them with rather too much ardour and that some balance should be maintained between the intentional and the fortuitous. It would appear, from this exhibition, that it might be possible to produce the newest kind of abstract painting by means of a mechanical apparatus furnished with squirts and sponges playing upon a moving belt of canvas. A small factory could then turn out pictures in commercial quantities without the intervention of painters, and this, I think, would be a pity.

Two other mixed shows: the summer exhibition at the Redfern Gallery and Artists of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries lend themselves less easily to generalisation. Both should be visited, neither can be described. I should, however, like to express my admiration for Mr. Michael Wishart's two May landscapes at the Redfern and for Mrs. Marit Aschan's 'Spring in Oslo' at the Leicester Galleries.

Mr. Cogle at the St. George's Gallery is showing some extremely attractive paintings; there are also interesting water colours by Giacomo Guardi at the Marlborough Galleries. The small exhibition of Medieval Paintings from Norwich at the

Victoria and Albert Museum is, as one may say, a scholar's treat. Mrs. Tudor Craig has furnished a learned introduction to the catalogue and there are excellent photographs to show how much restoration has been undertaken by Mr. John Brealey. Much has in fact been necessary, for the panels were in a lamentable condition, and Mr. Brealey is to be congratulated on having undertaken his task with skill, taste, and discretion. There is, however, a great deal for those of us who cannot share the pure joys of erudition. Certain pictures—as, for instance, 'The Betrayal'—are dull in colour and come too near to the laboured caricature and heavy drama of German Gothic. Look rather at the crucifixion of about 1390. The St. Margaret, of 1420, is an even more wonderful example of restrained but perfectly defined movement and of rich yet delicate colour. Here, perhaps, are some of the few surviving fragments of a great lost age of English painting.



'Nu de Dos IV', by Henri Matisse: from the exhibition at the Tate Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Jesting Apostle, the Life of Bernard Shaw. By Stephen Winsten. Hutchinson. 21s.

Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work and Friends. By St. John Ervine. Constable. 50s.

TWO OF THE MOST important qualifications for a biographer are: a keen sense of what is interesting and revealing in his subject, and a recognition of his own unimportance in comparison with his theme. Mr. Stephen Winsten possesses the second, but lacks the first. His book is a faithful record of what he knows about Shaw, written in an unpretentious manner, easy to read and not too long. Apart from certain aspects of Shaw's youth and an interesting letter to his early friend McNulty, it tells us little that we did not know before, and several of the author's statements are inexact. For example, it is not true that Shaw built up the two main parts of 'Pygmalion' round Beerbohm Tree and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The part of Higgins was written for George Alexander, who declined the play because he refused to act with Mrs. Campbell. Also Shaw did not choose his flat in Whitehall Court 'because it was a symbolic dream of wealth and splendour to him'. He chose it because it was convenient, and we can hardly associate the commonplace house at Ayot St. Lawrence with dreams of wealth and splendour. The best quip in the book is Shaw's remark when, after finishing *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*, the headaches from which he had suffered for half a century suddenly left him: 'I transferred them to my readers'. On the whole a pleasant if rather prosaic work, with the emphasis on Shaw as a sociologist, the comic force of his views being abated by the synoptic form in which they are rendered here.

Self-effacement is about the last virtue that could be claimed by Mr. St. John Ervine, whose life of Shaw might have as a sub-title 'Together with the Opinions of his Biographer'. The reader must be in robust health to get through his volume without the help of a lecturer. Like the beard of Polonius, it is too long, and far too much of it consists of the biographer's questions, exclamations, criticisms, and disagreements. It is odd that a writer of Mr. Ervine's experience has not yet learnt the value of a blue pencil. He argues with his subject or with someone else or with no one at all, and appears to think that he has answered a question merely by asking it, just as he fancies he has demolished someone's remark by contradicting it. He reminds one of Mr. Jefferson Brick in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. His book is as monumental as that of Professor Archibald Henderson, and if not as dull at least as dogmatical.

Now it may seem a curious fact that Shaw, the most readable and entertaining of writers, should call forth such weighty tomes full of disputation. But in a way they reflect his own vices, for he too could be long-winded and at every point of his career he invited argument, though his controversies were conducted with humour and geniality. But the art of biography is not the craft of debate, and Shaw's biographers should remember that their single task is to exhibit his character, not to copy his methods. G. K. Chesterton's study of G.B.S., which Mr. Ervine praises as 'the best book on Shaw that has been written and will probably be the best that will ever be written', is scarcely about Shaw at all, but it is probably the best book

G.K.C. ever wrote about himself. It is not a biography but a discussion. Mr. Ervine's queer critical dicta include the implication that 'Peter Pan' is a better children's play than 'Androcles and the Lion' because it has been revived more often.

Many excellent passages by Shaw are quoted in this book, and the most valuable things in it are extracts from a shorthand diary which he kept for some years in the eighties and nineties. Though they contain very little information that has not already been made public, many of the details are fascinating; and if, as it appears, Shaw's secretary, Miss Blanche Patch, transcribed all the material, at least one reader owes her a debt of gratitude and hopes that she was suitably compensated for her trouble.

Paris Album, 1900-1914

By Jean Cocteau. Translated by Margaret Crossland. W. H. Allen. 16s.

'Ladies', exhorts Cocteau, 'the art is in the trick. Big-game hunting is an art and, when all is said and done, it is easier to make a lion out of a rug than to make a rug out of a lion', but he is throwing dust—perhaps star-dust—in their adoring eyes. How enchanting is our Jean, they cry, who transforms our world into charade; observe the brilliance with which he animates the rug! But even before the rug is back on the hearth he has absconded into 'the fascination of what's difficult'. 'Poets', he writes in *Paris Album*, 'walk some distance above the ground on quickly melting snow into which their footprints disappear'. Like every child and every poet he is occupied with the approach to the enigma of himself.

'Je vous laisse à vos buts. Le mien c'est la manière
Dont je pose mes pas'.

This *poésie* secretes itself within the whole of his work—'*poésie critique*', '*poésie de théâtre*', as well as '*poésie en vers*'; but its presence is not always at those points where it is most advertised and can sometimes be found where it is least expected. 'Je suis le poète le plus inconnu et le plus célèbre', he has said, and to stand in the full glare of the arc-lamps is the way he achieves invisibility. In *Paris Album*, for example, he plays the dangerous game of delivering himself to the *kitsch* culture of the Rue St. Honoré and the Côte d'Or, and openly flirts with the deceptive muses of nostalgia and charm. Miss Crossland, whose translation is a miracle of skill, calls this book the façade of Cocteau's house whereas *La Difficulté d'Être* and *Journal d'un Inconnu* surrender the keys and take us inside. But it is not so simple, and sometimes in the books which we are tempted to dismiss as lightweight and superficial, in the sentences which have become a glittering cuirass of invulnerability, we sense with greater immediacy the presence of the solitary who has hurried from room to room in the house where none of the mirrors has reflected the image he seeks. Cocteau is there when he celebrates his friends.

'The face was the same', he writes of the Empress Eugénie, 'it had kept its delicate oval shape. It looked as though an unhappy young woman had buried her face in her hands too often and that in the end the shape of her fingers had left their mark upon it'. This is delicate and tender, as well as sharp and exact, like Picasso's Blue and Rose periods; it moves

us because Cocteau comes closest to the mystery of himself when he watches the wing-tip of *le néant* (his inscrutable familiar) brush the features of those who have populated his world. When one looks back across his books it is to discover how often the *poésie* is precipitated by those he calls his '*sacrés monstres*', whether they are his masters Apollinaire and Stravinsky, his old companions Max Jacob and Radiguet, or—as in *Paris Album*—Sarah Bernhardt and Catulle Mendès, de Max and Mistinguett: the meteors who flashed across the path of his youth. 'Jean talked with vivacity', Julian Green has written in his *Journal*, 'and then suddenly with that sweetness which he has when sadness overtakes him'. For it is when he has set his friends to play on the edge of the human precipice, where the danger compels their brilliance, that he finds himself alone, the art no longer in his tricks;

'Et je dois écouter sans me trouver excuse
Ma condamnation à mort'.

It is then he can be trusted, if we listen to him carefully, to exorcise his own perilous charm.

Nuer Religion. By E. E. Evans-Pritchard. Oxford. 42s.

In this remarkable book Professor Evans-Pritchard completes his description of the Nuer, the cattle-herding people of the southern Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, to whom he has already devoted two large volumes and numerous shorter papers. The field-work on which the study is founded was completed twenty years ago; but by correspondence with residents in Nuerland, from other anthropologists' and district officers' publications, and above all from more recent studies of the neighbouring and partially integrated Dinka people, Professor Evans-Pritchard has been able to fill up most of the lacunae in his notes, and to bring his observations more or less up to date.

This book is remarkable for a number of reasons. It is well written, and can be read with pleasure by a non-specialist, a rare enough quality in anthropological monographs; it is meticulously detailed, so that the author's conclusions can be questioned in the light of the evidence he himself provides, a *desideratum* in all scientific work which is seldom enough met with; most uncommon of all, it is a study of a pagan religion by a believing Christian, who accords to the religion of the Nuer the same respect, and indeed much of the same theological vocabulary, as would be deemed appropriate to the study of a revealed religion. This attitude is almost unique; the vast majority of studies of pagan religion have been made either by missionaries, viewing the beliefs and practices of the unconverted as idolatry and abomination, by nineteenth-century evolutionists who treated all creeds but their own as primitive survivals, or by agnostic rationalists and humanists, the most common attitude in those anthropological monographs where religion is accorded one chapter. Apart from Professor Evans-Pritchard's own work on the Azande, primitive religion has received relatively little detailed attention in the last two decades.

The Nuer are admirably suited to Professor Evans-Pritchard's purpose. They are a highly religious people; theistic, modalistic, and idealist, without idols, fanes or ritual; their chief religious observances are prayer and the sacrifice of animals to avert or ward off threatened or present illness or other disaster. They have a priesthood, but priests are only necessary in relatively limited situations, above all for com-

pounding a homicide. Recent years have seen the appearance of possessed prophets, diviners and magicians; these are not much respected, and are believed by the Nuer as well as by the author to be imports from the neighbouring Dinka, with whom there is intermarriage as well as adoption and, in the case of the prophets, from the Sudanese Arabs. The totemic and totemistic observances, which affect the relation of some lineages with some natural phenomena, are also apparently inherited through Dinka mothers.

The Nuer believe in an all-powerful Spirit, the Creator, and in lesser spirits of the air and the earth, as it were refractions of the great Spirit, God, which are in special relationship with given individuals, lineages or clans. Twins and people struck by lightning have a specially sacred character. The Nuer God is jealous and all-righteous and demands right conduct from his people; deviation from right conduct is punished by sickness, death or other misfortunes if it is not speedily confessed and atoned for; animal sacrifice is used to repel divine punishment when it has struck. Beyond a vague belief in survival, and fear of the ghosts of the recently dead, the Nuer have no eschatology.

Professor Evans-Pritchard isolates and analyses Nuer religious thought with considerable subtlety by elaborate investigations of all the connotations of key-words and phrases (to a lesser extent the objects to which some words refer) in the spirit of the most popular Oxford school of analytic philosophy. It appears to be a most useful tool for the anthropological investigation of metaphysical and religious concepts. In only one point does his analysis, in the light of the material he presents, seem seriously at fault. The deviation from right conduct, which God punishes, the Nuer call *nuer*, and Professor Evans-Pritchard translates this term as 'sin'. But this seems to be a misuse of the term from both the theological and the psychological point of view. The deviation from right conduct may be completely unwitting, for example eating with persons with whom one's kin are at blood-feud, and there is no *mens rea* (to use the legal term) in the act, though contrition is necessary for the consequences of that act to be averted. Customarily an unwitting misdeed which is automatically followed by supernatural punishment is described as the breaking of taboo; and this term seems to fit the Nuer situation far more closely than 'sin', though it is less convenient to handle theologically.

Professor Evans-Pritchard denies the conclusion of two dwellers in Nuerland that Nuer religion is primarily one of fear, but his evidence supports them against himself. It is noteworthy that he describes no ritual of thanksgiving, no equivalent of the harvest home. God can destroy the precious cattle with a murrain, but he does not increase the herds; animals' health or fertility is dealt with by low-grade and despised magicians. But although one may disagree with some of the author's conclusions, his presentation of the evidence is impeccable; and anyone with interest in Africa, anthropology, or religion can read this study with pleasure and profit.

Coast to Coast. By James Morris.

Faber. 21s.

After recording the conquest of Everest, as *The Times* special correspondent, Mr. Morris made a 70,000-mile journey through the United States of America. This is the account of his second trip among superlatives. It is an outstanding travel-book. It tells us as much about the traveller as about the terrain, and both are memorable. Impressions of the long journey are grouped to correspond to the five great regions—the East, the South, the West, the Pacific

Coast and the Middle West. For each region there are descriptions of particular places and people, so written that we see the type through the individual.

The book is both exciting and melancholy. Exciting, because Mr. Morris writes with great vigour about fascinating quirks of behaviour, about strange landscapes and jobs. Melancholy, because it is sad, though scarcely surprising, to hear his repeated opinion that human oddities are everywhere losing ground to Standard Americanism. He gives great space to stubborn singularities of conduct; this, and his pessimism, make the book read at times like the brilliant report of an anthropological expedition sent out to make a last record of vanishing tendencies. It contains a sprinkling of beautifully evocative photographs, one for each region. This is an important book, a valuable source of information and, true to its subject, an unflinching entertainment.

One Foot in Eden

By Edwin Muir. Faber. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Muir's new collection falls into two parts. The first, corresponding roughly to 'Eden', the unfallen world, the world (in a sense) of Blake's 'Innocence', concerns itself with what were once called 'the eternal verities' and is headed by a sonnet to Milton—

Milton, his face set fair for Paradise.

The figures in this section are all of the order of Myth—Prometheus, Orpheus, Telemachos; and (taking Myth in its wider sense) Abraham, Mary, Christ. Two particularly successful poems ('The Animals', 'The Days') make play with the notion that each created object or being 'belongs' to that one of the six days of creation which gave it birth, and that between the creatures of different days there can, under Time, be no intercommunication:

And now we see in the sun
The mountains standing clear in the third day
(Where they shall always stay)
And thence a river run,
Threading, clear cord of water, all to all:
The wooded hill and the cattle in the meadow,
The tall wave breaking on the high sea-wall,
The people at evening walking,
The crescent shadow
Of the light-built bridge, the hunter stalking
The flying quarry, each in a different morning.

And the poet looks forward to

the passing of this fragmentary day
Into the day where all are gathered together,
Things and their names, in the storm's and the
lightning's nest,
The seventh great day and the clear eternal
weather.

Kafka ('dear Franz, sad champion of the drab') is the patron of the second half, that of the fallen world, the world of *Experience* of Blake. But the contrast, in the case of a poet like Mr. Muir whose very worldliness is otherworldly, is not so strong as it might have been. The reader is tempted to remark that Mr. Muir seems to have not only one foot but four toes of the other in Eden. When Mr. Auden (shall we say?) writes about a tractor we sense that he knows its horse-power and the eccentricities of its cam-shaft and whether it is a son of Mr. Ford or of Mr. Ferguson. But to Mr. Muir

The tractors lie about our fields; at evening
They look like dank sea-monsters couched and
waiting.
We leave them where they are and let them rust.

If Mr. Muir can be said to have anything so positive as a programme for fallen man, it is that he should attempt to climb back to where he fell from, rather than go forward from where he fell.

Much of Mr. Muir's work—and this is a description rather than a criticism—consists of

writing the same poem over and over again. His work is a static in which the same object is viewed and re-viewed from an inexhaustible variety of angles, rather than a dynamic in which, as the saying goes, one thing leads to another. Indeed appropriately enough, it lacks the time-dimension; the poems, like the objects in his world, co-exist rather than cause each other. Most of the more ambitious poems aim to universalise the particular. At his occasional best (and Mr. Muir at his best is clearly something close to a major poet) he succeeds in this; but more usually he seems to confuse 'to universalise' with 'to de-particularise'. They are not the same thing: to remove all local reference from a myth may be, and too often is, a merely negative process: that is the objection to de la Mare's 'The Listeners' and it is an objection to perhaps the greater part of Mr. Muir's poetry also.

But however far criticism may be conducted on this line, the fact remains that Mr. Muir is always a poet of integrity, and occasionally a poet of extreme power and insight. The reader's reaction to *One Foot in Eden* will depend on the relative values he attaches to integrity and insight on the one hand, and to vitality and excitement on the other.

Women in Antiquity. By Charles Seltman.

Pan Books. 2s. 6d.

Cloth-bound and with additional material. Thames and Hudson. 18s.

Dr. Seltman is an enthusiast for Antiquity and, even more so, an enthusiast for Women. Indeed an early or conventional feminist would probably be almost embarrassed by the totality of his acceptance and the profusion of his gallantry. For him women can do no wrong and, if they ever have done so, it was only during a comparatively short period of history and because of the disgraceful behaviour of St. Paul and the early Fathers of the Church. Today, one is glad to know, everything is all right again. Indeed things are in some ways better than they ever have been. There may be skulking somewhere some neurotic relic of the Middle Ages who will deplore 'the kicked goal, the smack with the hockey stick, the straight drive on to the green, the long rally and the smashing victory on the Centre Court', but such characters are scarce and insignificant. Dr. Seltman notes, with surprise but also with satisfaction, that even in convent schools girls play hockey. He applauds the fact that the young 'girl of today' has the advantage of visiting 'the pictures' more often than Athenian women visited the Theatre of Dionysus', and, a humanist himself with the belief that Man is the measure of all things, he delights in the reflection that 'today it is perhaps the young female of mankind (with her own emphasis on measurements) who has become the measure of all things'.

Gallantry could scarcely go further and to Miss Austen such gallantry would be suspect. But Dr. Seltman explains it all from the earliest times. Not much is known of 'Femina Sapiens' when she was a cave-woman, but enough to convince Dr. Seltman that she was often unpunctual and that the men were wrong to be cross with her for this. Things are better in ancient Egypt where Ptah-Hotep writes 'If you make a woman ashamed and in an ambiguous position, be kind to her... The wantonness of her heart can appreciate goodness'. From this Dr. Seltman, somewhat surprisingly, concludes 'Such an attitude to women on the part of a great and brilliant people must inevitably have promoted, even though gradually, the cult of goddesses at the expense of the cult of gods'.

In fact Dr. Seltman is strangely unilluminating.

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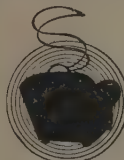
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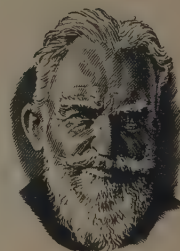
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ting on the important change from matriarchal to patriarchal systems of society and religion. He is too interested in the women themselves. On these he has much to say that is interesting and informative. He illustrates and excellently describes their dress and manners. He assesses their happiness and is on the whole inclined to think that the women of Sparta were the happiest of all. They may well have been, though they had some of the stupidest men in Greece

for their husbands. On Athenian women Dr. Seltman accepts the well-argued views of Professor Kitto, who has convincingly shown that these women were more free and influential than conventional historians would allow. But Dr. Seltman has his own prudery. He does not like to mention homosexuality too much. It would be an affront to 'the sex'. And though he congratulates Pericles on his association with Aspasia, he passes over in silence Pericles'

rather chilling remarks at the end of the Funeral Speech. Nor does he observe that Euripides sometimes speaks almost as though he were 'a Father of the Church'. His favourite is undoubtedly Atalanta, and he is very angry when, at the famous boar-hunt, 'the men, running true to form, refused at first to go out with a woman to the field'. Might not this still happen today at Lord's, say, in a Test Match?

New Novels

The Call Home. By James Courage. Cape. 13s. 6d.

Claudine at School. By Colette. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Jamie is My Heart's Desire. By Alfred Chester. Deutsch. 15s.

IN her anxiety to reach her objective . . . Does one need to read *that* novel any farther? Or this one: 'Bran, the great wolf-hound, capered about them with joyous barking'? Or this one: 'A scream shattered the nocturnal peace, reverberating through the windless air'? Or this: 'Far out on the prairie the grain elevators rose stark and lonely, etched against . . .'. Or pursue this kind of Realism: 'Newspapers and magazines were stuffed down the sides of chairs. A pair of stockings had been dropped in the middle of the carpet. A cup smeared with lipstick and coffee stains stood on the tiles before the gas fire'. Each of these ladies and gentlemen is accompanied by a Little Green Man who carries a bag of exhausted images and well-worn scabble-words—*stark, capered, joyously, etched*—which he pops into their heads and which they copy down like people possessed, under the pathetic impression that they are thinking, feeling, seeing, speaking out of themselves. Then one opens *The Call Home* by James Courage and at the first paragraph one recognises a man who is at least aware that every writer has his Little Green Man and that a goodly part of his job is to keep a close eye on him:

In the blue heat of midday the car pulled up with a sound like a relaxed cough, a braking of tyres on the fine sea-shingle of the drive in front of the house. Mrs. Grant, whose wrists and forearms ached after the fifty-mile drive from the port that morning, dropped her hands from the wheel, sighed, retrieved a pair of gloves from her lap, then turned her face towards the man on the seat beside her. He was a youngish man and her elder son.

'Are you awake, Norman? We're home'.
'Yes', he said in a low voice. 'I wasn't asleep'.

It is not more-lasting-than-bronze prose, but one respects it at once as clean, clear, and honest. True, if one sets it beside another description one feels the difference between respect and delight:

About six o'clock the sound of a motor, collected out of the wide country and narrowed under the trees of the avenue, brought the household out in excitement on to the steps. Up among the beeches a thin iron gate twanged; the car slid from a net of shadow, down the slope to the house. Behind the flashing windscreen Mr. and Mrs. Montmorency produced—arms waving and a wild escape to the wind of her motor-veil—an agitation of greeting. They were long-promised visitors. They exclaimed, Sir Richard and Lady Naytor exclaimed and signalled: no one spoke yet. . . .

But, then, Miss Bowen is a fastidious customer, all the boxes down and the counter covered. She is not merely describing an inci-

dent; she is choosing mosaic-words to hint at her theme of passive fatality. The car slides, the people are brought out, the wind produces a greeting, no one speaks. I respect Mr. Courage's sentences because, though less elegantly, he does the same thing with his 'relaxed cough', the weary word 'dropped', the implications of 'turned her face towards the man', the low voice of the son and the sub-audible reproof of, 'I wasn't asleep'.

Norman Grant has lost his wife in England and returned to New Zealand under a compulsion which only gradually emerges: the call of the womb. His mother had hated her first childbirth, never gave him all her love, envied the wife he chose but whom she never saw, and still holds herself in from him. He is a broken man now, and the story of his months in New Zealand is the story of how he gradually re-establishes himself on his beginnings. It must have been an exceedingly difficult book to write since the story of a sick and reticent man being cured by contagion with healthy life is always in danger of being infected by his own debility. As happens plausibly he is cured in the end not so much by strength as by weakness—the love and need of a young woman shattered by a fatal marriage. One technical problem he has not, I think, solved. Nobody can be so blunt as the reticent man or woman who suddenly starts to blurt; in life this is called *gauche*, in literature it is embarrassing. Possibly a woman like Louise could say in real life, 'I'm still terrified of men—any man', but, for some reason which I do not understand, one simply cannot *print* it; nor when she says, 'Do I disturb you so much? Because I make you think of your wife?' Nevertheless this is a novel to be respected, admired, and quietly enjoyed.

Colette can be corny, but not Courage. She wrote with her knees crossed, he has to write with his fingers crossed. She could dare to be sentimental, to blurt genially, to splosh—having much with which to splosh. She could afford to write in a mood of incredible indifference, allowing her early novels to appear over her husband's name, writing on and on always about herself, in complete satisfaction, but all the same always as an artist. 'My name is Claudine, I live in Montigny; I was born there in 1884; I shall probably not die there'. *There is prose!* No Little Green Man around that desk. She had a natural resistance to his scabble-language. Did she not speak once of her *recherche de gourmet*, her passion for 'the better word, and the word still better than the better'? *Claudine at School* was published in 1900, the first of the series. The school days it describes in that 'camp of female Gauls' at Montigny would have been fondled at a later

stage—after the manner of *Sido*. (How fondlingly she felt *Sido*! The Colette-lover should hear her read from it on the Period L.P. Record, FRL-1527 A. in her old, soft, cracking Southern voice. It is very moving to hear it now.) Sixty years ago she was more stytic. The pictures sting: the vicious, lying Anais; the ugly, amorous Headmistress; the ogling, girl-pawing old doctor who can alone wean her eyes from the pretty assistant teacher Aimée whom Claudine might have loved and came to hate; the absurd, love-lorn male teachers. There is, of course, a beloved cat, and there are 'the woods, the dear woods of Montigny', and a tender suggestion of adolescent ache, but the general effect is of feelings suppressed and of naughty comic-opera, and, perhaps, M. Willy influenced her to be more fake-tough than she really felt. Colette was always at her best when she let herself go. People who have been comparing Françoise Sagan to her should see that Mlle. Sagan is at her best when she holds herself in, growling *Ich grille nicht* into the low tide of a whisky-glass. The translation of *Claudine at School* by Antonia White is racy and vivid.

It is impossible to summarise *Jamie is My Heart's Desire*, an arresting first novel by an American writer. It is all a matter of mood, atmosphere, place, temperament: New York in a strangely Parisian dress, more Baudelaire than Bonwit Teller, Manhattan murmuring the *Chants de Maldoror*, the hero living with his cat over a funeral parlour, the stiffs in drawers below, seeing himself as a silhouette against a dark immensity of ignorance, a heavy-lidded tough, rigid with indifference, his friends a cynical, deadbeat novelist, a one-eyed priest (*Are there one-eyed priests?*), a big, soft, sentimental social-worker named Emily, a chummy mistress named Tess. No cheery, Third Avenue, neon-green-shamrock saloons for him. 'Unlit, the white-glass balls hung from ceiling chains like dead bulbs of memory, and the only light was the early evening dimness coming through the tavern windows in heavy shadowed slabs. . . .'. A morbid boy, Mark, with a Poet in him, disturbs Harry. When Mark's *doppelgänger* brother Jamie dies and Harry cannot physically see the corpse we know where we are if he does not. The paraphernalia is all too familiar: corpses, incense, a cat, smells of putrescence, mental alienation, a stance. . . . Only vampires are missing.

And yet Mr. Chester is a real writer; corrupted somehow, astray somewhere, probably in French Lit., and exile—I hazard the guess. Would Mr. Alfred Chester, present whereabouts unknown, please return home immediately where his talent lies seriously ill?

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Anticlimax

LAST WEEK'S TELEVISION made one clear decisive point, that America's Marilyn Monroe has an easy superiority over our Diana Dors in looks and form, though possibly not in vitality and wits. The striking but hardly beautiful Miss Dors was the subject of a comment that produced in one private viewing quarter the week's loudest laugh: 'If she decides to stay in Hollywood, Britain will have lost one of its most precious possessions' (Channel 9). There was a secondary and perhaps still more unseemly explosion of mirth when another wave-borne voice, coming over the clatter of horses' hoofs, told us: 'King Feisal has brought a ray of sunshine into the gloom of our lives' (B.B.C.).

Moments in 'Saturday-Night Out', from Guernsey, tempted us to laugh in several wrong places. We refrained in deference to the brimming good will of an occasion about which most of us were in a maze of uncertainty concerning its origins and auspices. Two people, we were told in the accents of excitement, were coming to the island on the steamer which was even then entering the harbour. (Over to camera slung in crane for shot of steamer from above.) 'They have no idea what is in store for them'. Neither had we; the prefatory arduous were such as to rouse in us the keenest expectations. Could it be, could it possibly be, that the two persons about whom the painstaking Cliff Michelmores was passionately mysterious were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller, none other than? No, someone guessed, it would more likely turn out to be a young television actress who that very day had married a B.B.C. producer. The steamer is alongside. (Over to camera on jetty.) Guernsey notables, headed by their enchained Constable, are waiting. Two elderly, kindly looking English holidaymakers are sorted out from the scramble of the gangway. 'And here they are!' cries Michelmores, dragging the ship's captain also into the picture.

By the million we gaze, prepared to be rapturous in our recognition. Someone speaks the couple's name and we are no wiser. By a process

and for a reason never explained to us they had been chosen to receive the honours and hospitality of the Channel Islands. We were delighted when they were handed free tickets for everything, hotel included, and could understand the husband's seeking the sanctuary of their free holiday car without waiting to give his wife her natural precedence. We watched them move slowly away, at a ponderous royal pace, through the crowd with handkerchiefs fluttering. But why those two? Our curiosity nagged and there was no one to quell it. We could only deduce ineptitude or oversight, according to our individual temper. The anticlimax was almost funny enough for Peter Sellers. It seems to me that I.T.A. might have a case for challenging B.B.C. policy in giving such a thundering good free advertisement to a holiday resort that no doubt could afford to pay for it, if only in tomatoes. Earlier in the week we had been on a television excursion to Herm, whose proprietor is hard at work trying to make the place at least self-supporting. His hopes should be brighter still now.

Contrasting with the peace of Herm, television last week put us in touch with the realities of life in Harlow New Town, where Woodrow Wyatt went to interview some of the tenants and their leaders. He did not produce much evidence for us of dreams come true and there were irresistible reminders of the discontents of the wartime evacuation days. Voices demanded another and better cinema, a smack in



Flats on a London County Council estate at Wimbledon, seen in the television film 'Design Is Your Business' on July 18

the eye for television, 'the fading novelty' of which is giving new hope to the brewers, *vide* last week's *Sunday Express*. Others bemoaned the lack of old people for baby-sitting purposes which suggests an overlooked aspect of modern civics development. I have spoken here more than once of the dangers of emotional unemployment attendant on labour-saving and the coming of large-scale leisure. We seemed to see it foreshadowed in some of those Harlow New Town faces. Woodrow Wyatt has evolved a *viva voce* routine which tends to limit the range of his questions and let in monotony. It is a point that he should watch.

Comment in any but enthusiastic terms on a religious programme and you will almost certainly be involved in extra-mural controversy and, if you are more courteous and perhaps less busy than I, in profitless correspondence. Because I wrote apropos a 'Give and Take' programme that belief may be a matter of constitution letters came at me from several points of the compass. I take this chance of thanking the senders and choose as their representative Mr. Laurence Devaney, of Westbury Lane, Bristol, who wrote: 'One thing that Faith does require is humility and that must be a difficult virtue for a critic'. As I am constitutionally inclined to pray, I will ask for my very considerable share of humility to be increased. In 'Continuing the Argument', last week, the Rev. William Gowland, of Luton, was questioned agnostically by members of his local community. He was staunch in reiterating the Christian standpoint but proficient also in evasion. If these programmes are to succeed they must bring us the clash of first-class intellects and the challenge of abounding exemplariness.

Didactically dull, too, was 'G.B.S.—Playwright', though John Clements' reading from 'Don Juan In Hell' gave us something to like and even admire. Lionel Hale, smiling with almost monstrous content, put on one of the best chairman acts we have had on television and ought to go on the Brains Trust rota forthwith. No one had anything to say about Shaw that had not been said before, except that the redoubtable Dame Sybil overplayed her



'G.B.S.—Playwright', a discussion programme on July 20. Left to right: Benn W. Levy, Sir Lewis Casson, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Lionel Hale (chairman), Esmé Percy, John Clements, and Colin Wilson



Scene from 'The Miser', performed by the Birmingham Repertory Company and televised from the B.B.C.'s studio in Birmingham on July 19. Left to right: Kenneth Mackintosh as Harpagon, Albert Finney as Cléante, Charmian Eyre as Elise, Doreen Aris as Mariane, and Nancie Jackson as Frosine



'The Devil's Disciple', on July 22, with (left to right) Sylvia Syms as Judith Anderson, Robert Brown as Anthony Anderson, William Franklyn as Dick Dudgeon, Robert S. Young as Mr. Brudenell (Chaplain in background), Andrew Cruickshank as General Burgoyne, and Raymond Francis as Major Swindon

part as advocate for Shaw, the Christian man. Pictorially, these panel affairs continue to be awkwardly unsatisfying, a problem still to be solved.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Classic

I AM STILL surprised by the number of people I meet who despise television. The other day declining a pleasant invitation, as I often must, saying that instead I must return home and watch television, my rebuffed hostess coloured and cried out 'How can you!', exactly as if I had said that since I was a dipsomaniac I was sorry I should have to go and get blind in the dram shop.

Actually I was going home to watch Molière, in the submission of many of my fellow countrymen nowhere to go for a laugh. I hope the performance of 'The Miser' from Birmingham made converts for the great humanist, wit, and genius. There was nothing, except the memory that what comes from the Barry Jackson stable is often a winner, to lead us to expect so entertaining a performance. True, in Paris where the Birmingham Rep. has been showing the flag for the British Theatre, the actress playing Shaw's Cleopatra, Doreen Aris, was held to be the greatest actress in the world (rather as in London Mme. Feuillère); and here was Miss Aris due to play Mariane who is—so dangerously—in love with the Miser's son. She did in fact turn out to be excellent; so did Albert Finney who has a most amusing face and looked like a younger edition of Quinn (as Hogarth painted him). Charmian Eyre and Ronald Hines, the other pair in the quartet, the two servants, the attendant schemers and notaries were all admirably alive, and as the centre of the storm Kenneth Mackintosh as Harpagon was magnificently agitated. I shan't pretend he made me laugh as much as Miles Malleon, but then I doubt if any other Harpagon, French or English, could do that. The play was most enjoyable. It had been produced by Bernard Hepton and was 'seen' for television with a keen eye.

Another classic—or nearly so—was the film of the Bolshoi 'Romeo and Juliet', ninety minutes of it, sans colour alas, but visually not too foggy. But the sound track was terrible and gave a very dim account of Prokofiev's bright score—worse, it was overlaid with a faint and genteel clerkly voice explaining a story which surely even television viewers might be expected to unravel for themselves. I prefer Ashton's choreography, which he devised for the Danes, to much of the dull, conventional dancing we saw in this windy Verona—the stage pictures often recalling the Carl Rosa 'Rigoletto'. It was as if Diaghilev had never lived. The main interest was to see Ulanova, claimed as the 'greatest ballerina in the world', a title she hardly seems to earn on this showing though her Giselle is, or was, dazzlingly poetic. She looks frankly much too old for the early scenes of the girl Juliet; but she has a lovely carriage of the head and arms and she attained to real expressive force in the solo dance which is the equivalent of the potion speech.

Midweek had not been strong in drama. Like Elizabeth Bowen's 'Death of the Heart', A. L. Barker's story 'Romney' takes place to a large extent inside the mind of a child—Romney's surviving brother. Lois Landauer's effort to

bring this touching little tale of a childish obsession to the extrovert terms of drama was not wholly successful, any more than similar tinkering with, say, Henry James' 'The Turn of the Screw'. But the boy Bernard Livesey and Edgar Wreford as the tutor did what could be done, and there was a game attempt to wring the most out of the pictorial 'atmosphere'.

Wednesday and Friday were more or less blank and on Saturday, after the saturnalia of the first Prom, with its terrifying army of music-loving bacchantes howling for Sir Malcolm Sargent and Mr. Denis Matthews playing Mozart with his eyebrows, we settled down with a sigh to the seventh (and it might be the seventieth) of the 'Dixon of Dock Green' series, yet more of the policeman *en pantouffles* drama so much loved by all classes of society. These two programmes from the Albert Hall and the police station might have sold a curious foreigner a strange idea of English taste; though I think Ted Willis does a clever job in making plays about policemen.

What a relief, incidentally, on Sunday to find a Shaw play coming over so well. There is nothing like good adult dialogue for keeping our eye on the screen. 'The Devil's Disciple' seems to me, far from dated, actually more interesting than when one first saw it. Partly because one now sees how personal a document much of it was (Shaw and his mother, etc., etc.) and partly because we now never see at all, except in the operas of Puccini, the kind of drama of which this was at once a satire and an enlargement. Shaw so effectively displaced that kind of 'Only Way' play with his own species of play that it has died out—more's the pity, some will say. It came over most excitingly; nothing much to look at visually but full of feeling. More Shaw, please.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Fine Bit of Talk

'... IF SO DAMAGED a character as mine can claim any friends', says King Charles II deprecatingly. Not the Charles of fiction's torrid zone; not



Edgar Wreford (left) as Joe Rigby and Bernard Livesey as Harry Steen, in 'Romney' on July 17

the Charles for a Sweet Nell; by no means the figure of a King, hardly to be distinguished from his spaniel. Here a Shavian rules, a man able to fit into a play named, without irony, 'In Good King Charles's Golden Days'. (He murmurs, with forgivable prevision, 'The world will remember Oates and Bunyan; and I shall be the Merry Monarch'.) In Shaw's comedy—the nonpareil by a dramatist of eighty-three—he is wise, tolerant, and a good husband. Wondering what might have happened if Charles had met Isaac Newton and both of them had met George Fox, Shaw settled them down, with other figures of the reign, for a full-length Imaginary Conversation in Newton's library at Cambridge.

The result, revived on Sunday (Third), is what another Irish dramatist might have called 'a fine bit of talk': a symposium that, undramatic or not, can hold a theatre and is as radio-active as any debating-play can well be. Peter Watts must have found it a grateful piece to direct. It reaches us from a calm of Shaw's long evening in the light of the setting sun. The world is serene; the prose is lovingly cadenced. Max Beerbohm, in Mr. 'Ladbroke Brown's' tragedy, had the direction: 'Enter Boccaccio, Benvenuto Cellini, and many others, making remarks highly characteristic of themselves'. Similarly, Charles, Newton, Fox, Nell Gwynn, and the rest, are as 'highly characteristic' as Shaw wished them to be. There they are, discussing the precession of the equinoxes, the age of the earth, the monarchy, Catholicism, kingcraft, the laws of motion, and the perihelion of Mercury. And at the end, out now in Newmarket, we meet Charles in the soothing companionship of his wife Catherine, a duologue after a debate. It is a mellow play, curious, speculative: Shaw writing less for an audience than to please himself, and therefore leaving what he dubbed Charles' 'Solomonic polygamy' for 'a true history that never happened'. (It was just like him, when the play was published after six years, to devote a large slice of his preface to the Coupled Vote: he could knock in a peg for anything.)

Sunday's cast spoke the Shavian prose, at once gracious and lively, with a warming pleasure. We were glad to hear Eric Anderson's Newton as he solved three-times-seven by adding the logarithm of the numbers and finding the anti-logarithm of the sum of the two; and, later, to meet Valentine Dyall as the shrewdest of the Stuarts, living—as he told Mrs. Basham—by his wits; Dorothy Holmes-Gore and Peggy Thorpe-Bates as Charles' Queen and one of his Duchesses; and Stephen Jack's George Fox, with a voice as leathery as the breeches in his nickname. If anyone had told me before Sunday that I should have heard Dora Bryan reciting (as Nell Gwynn) Montezuma's

Still less and less my boiling spirits flow/
And I grow stiff, as cooling metals do

I would not have believed them. But there she was; elsewhere in the play the original Nelly herself might have liked the charming, mildly surprised scuffle of the Bryan voice.

There is rich talk enough in 'Tarr' (Third), Wyndham Lewis' novel of artists' Paris in 1912. D. G. Bridson, who has brought it sharply to the microphone, speaks of its visual power; certainly we are always in the living presence of the characters, especially of Tarr himself, dire fellow to whom—in performance—Stephen Murray gave the exact arrogant chill, a wary, greedily calculating jauntiness. Tarr, we knew, would go on and on. After Bertha there would be Rose and—who was it?—Prism: the end must become a row of dots. The play brought us up to the people, launched them into the very middle of their tragi-comedy, its ironies, the dance, the duel, the drunken colloquy. 'All's in perfect order', said Tarr. It was, with Mr.

Murray in his best portrait of the year—that patronising voice!—and Marjorie Westbury and Olaf Pooley well in the spirit as the Prussian, Kreisler, and that Bertha Lunken whose name, somehow, suits her. Carleton Hobbs, in emergency, took over the storytelling with much effect.

'To Comfort the Signora' (Home) proved to be a drama intricately made, though at first it seemed not to be made at all. Actually the author, E. G. Cousins, has been so careful that he gets mechanical: towards the close the dialogue dips to 'From the moment you walked into my life . . .', etc. Before then, Mr. Cousins, in the setting of a Town-Major's office in Tunisia at the end of the war (Wilfrid Grantham could summon this for us), has some very useful ideas and at least one part, a Brigadier who never performs what he promises, that Howard Marion-Crawford could act with an almost savage glee.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Aerial Biology

SOME ARE BORN broadcasters, some achieve the art by practice, and some have broadcasting thrust upon them, and the three types generally join company from time to time in those programmes in which a number of people combine to produce a mosaic portrait of some famous person with whom they have been more or less acquainted. Such programmes usually last an hour and impose a certain drudgery on the listener, but, when they come off, he concedes with a sigh of relief that they have been worth while, even well worth while. A living personality has emerged. But it is essential to this method that the speakers shall vary much in type and speech so as to contribute various facets of the personality portrayed and avoid a monotony of tone in so long a programme, and it was the lack of variety in the speakers that handicapped the sixty-minute broadcast on Cyril Garbett, the late Archbishop of York.

It is an acknowledged fact that the clerical collar brings with it, not always but often, the clerical voice, just as the law and medicine have their typical voices conditioned by the very nature of those professions. Too many of the contributors to this portrait had, only too evidently, had broadcasting thrust upon them and their grave, formal, and hesitant utterances added up to a distressing monotony of tone. There was far too little of the lively spontaneous talk which alone can build up a life-like portrait, and so I was left with little or no impression of what sort of man the Archbishop really was.

Short of inside information, we cannot in any single instance know whether good broadcasting is innate or acquired nor is it possible to define briefly what is good broadcasting. Its manifestations are as various as human nature itself, and so the best I can do here is to point out why a particular broadcast is good. For instance, Sir Frederic Hooper's 'Authority in Industry', which appeared in *THE LISTENER* last week, was good because it clarified a complex state of affairs by viewing it first and foremost as a purely human problem, and because it was spoken with a warmth and conviction which was stimulating to the listener and a blessed contrast to the repetitious nagging of the press and of many ministerial and other broadcasts.

On the other hand, the virtues of Manya Harari's broadcasting are of a totally different quality. It is seemingly unfocused, a kind of quiet rambling talk, as if retailing a few recent experiences to a friend. For instance, in a 'Soviet Affairs' talk called 'The Thaw in Art' she described a few visits to picture shows during her recent visit to Russia, giving snatches of conversation she had overheard there and

brief exchanges of view between herself and some other visitor who happened to have been standing near. A casual talk it seemed, spiced with touches of dry humour, and it was only when it was finished that one realised that it was a carefully prepared account of the general public's interested and sometimes bamboozled attitude to pictures which have emerged to view as a result of the recent relaxation of control of the arts.

In 'Among the Ruins' O. H. K. Spate described how he had indulged a hobby in spare time during a recent sojourn in India and Ceylon by visiting a few of the architectural and other remains of Portuguese, Dutch, and British occupation. Fine writing is a term which in these drab days has come to have a derogatory meaning, so I can only say that for those who can enjoy rich descriptive prose written and spoken without a trace of affectation it was an excellent performance.

During the week there were three programmes of poetry on three consecutive evenings, all of them notable for first-class reading. 'Time for Verse' gave us ten minutes of Robert Frost, perfectly read by Guy Kingsley Poynter, and next evening James Reeves introduced a programme of twelve of Edmund Blunden's poems well chosen to display his variety. William Devlin read them as poetry ought to be read. On Tuesday Evelyn Hardy told how she had found five unpublished poems by Thomas Hardy among the papers at Max Gate. They were read by Cecil Day Lewis. It is clear, as Miss Hardy pointed out, why Hardy had excluded them from his published works; but failures can be more illuminating than successes in revealing the sources of a poet's impulse and his method of expressing it, and these poems were highly interesting in these respects.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

A Matter of Size

THE PAST WEEK has been largely concerned with 'contemporary' music. British composers have had their annual Academy at Cheltenham. Humphrey Searle's lucid exposition of Schoenberg's system had a merited re-hearing; Hans Keller reporting on the International Society's meeting at Stockholm, characteristically put those who disagree with him in their contemptible place (I hasten to add that I agree with his remarks about the excerpt from Stockhausen's work which prefaced his talk); and there was, among other things, a programme of Van Dieren's music which, if not actually contemporary, will have been new to most listeners.

Van Dieren's music is esoteric in character. He did not, like Schoenberg, evolve a new theory of composition, but he too approached his art from an intellectual angle. His songs, as we heard on Friday, are, despite a keen literary taste in the choice of poems, lacking in real vocal quality. The tortured crabbedness of his style reappeared in the Quartet (No. 4), in which he replaced the normal and 'emotional' violoncello by a contrabass. The combination is not without precedent, for Mozart used it successfully in the slow movement of his Divertimento in B flat (K.287). But in what appears to be an excellent performance of Van Dieren's work, the bass failed to blend with the three upper voices, which seemed to be moving in world apart. Yet cerebral music though it is, and miscalculated though the actual medium seems, this quartet is a considerable composition. It has magnitude and it is filled to capacity with genuine, if not superficially attractive, music material.

Of the new works presented at Cheltenham last week only one had this quality of magnitude—Kenneth Leighton's Violoncello Concerto,

which, since it was not included in the broadcasts, I will only say that, if it did not wholly solve the tricky problem of orchestral accompaniment for the violoncello, is an imaginative and substantial composition. Iain Hamilton, who shares with Racine Fricker a current series of programmes of chamber music, contributed an extremely noisy set of Symphonic Variations, which purported to enlarge the variation-form to that of a three-movement symphony. But it was all over in a few minutes.

Fricker himself provided a work of rather more musical substance, though of no greater length to the programme on Wednesday, of which part was heard in the Home Service. The 'Litany' for string orchestra belongs to the same category of music as Elgar's 'Introduction and Allegro', Vaughan Williams' 'Tallis Fantasia' (which was heard at the Prom on Monday

night), and Bliss's 'Music for Strings'. But to mention those works is to put this new one into proper perspective as something rather insignificant. The question of size apart, the harmonisation of the plainchant, which is the thematic basis of the work, was stylistically out of character in that it contradicted the musical nature of the theme.

Fricker is a composer of established reputation with a number of substantial works to his credit. His music has little warmth or humour, but it has had strength and original ideas. One hopes that the 'Litany' does not bode an exhaustion of ideas. Francis Burt, whose 'Iambics' was played on the previous evening, is at the beginning of his career. His composition showed some skill in the manipulation of orchestral sound after the brash manner of Boris Blacher, with whom he has studied. But as an essay in

iambic metre the work seemed to me to fail, for the metre did not impress itself on the listener.

All these works were played with fine devotion by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli, who also gave excellent performances of Rubbra's Sixth Symphony, of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and of a set of Variations on a Swedish theme by William Hurlstone—a memorial to promise cut off in youth just fifty years ago.

The best of the new works broadcast was probably Benjamin Frankel's Clarinet Quintet, played by the Allegri Quartet with Gervase de Peyer on Monday of last week. Even here the composer, who has to his credit several string quartets of full length crammed, perhaps too fully, with deeply felt music, has been content to skate, charmingly enough, on the surface of emotion in three short movements.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Schumann after Freud

By HANS KELLER

Programmes commemorating the centenary of Schumann's death will be broadcast at 9.30 p.m. on Sunday, July 29 (Third) and at 10.15 p.m. on Tuesday, July 31 (Home); he will also be 'This Week's Composer'

ROBERT SCHUMANN died mad twelve weeks after Freud was born. Freud died three weeks after the age of his climaxes. Freud would not have been able to help Schumann to any decisive degree, but he can help our age's attitude towards Schumann.

In the current *Monthly Musical Record*, the editor suggests that 'Schumann's music can only be fully understood in terms of Schumann the man', and that 'we need a new interpretation of the facts—preferably by some biographer who knows how to use the tools of Freudian research'. Schumann seems to have suffered from a form of schizophrenia. Amongst music critics, this is still known by Emil Kraepelin's term *dementia praecox*, which Eugen Bleuler, in a monograph (1911) partly based on Freud, replaced by 'schizophrenia', while Freud's own 'paraphrenia' has made little progress. (Music critics do, of course, use the term 'schizophrenia'—chiefly for hysteria. They also use 'hysteria', chiefly for normal love and hate.)

Schizophrenia, whose relation to musical talent has been demonstrated but not yet explained, 'is an omnibus group which covers a diversity of psychotic conditions' (Edward Glover), and the magic word in itself does not greatly advance our knowledge of Schumann. A Freudian study of Schumann's psychosis will doubtless shed light not only on the sources of the defects in Schumann's music but also on some of its, innovative merits. In particular, I am thinking of an achievement which Einstein calls the 'Romantic disintegration of Classical structure', and which can easily be observed in such forms as the 'Overture, Scherzo, and Finale' or, on the highest level, the Piano Concerto.

Where I beg to differ from the editor of the *Record* is in the artistic appraisal of any knowledge thus gained. Good music can be understood only in terms of what happens within it, and the fullest knowledge of Schumann the man will not increase our musical understanding of a single quaver rest, unless it be a bad one. The editor acutely observes that 'Schumann is now an unfashionable composer', that 'he stands for so much that the present generation values least'. A reassessment of his stature will be helped by a study, not of his madness, but of our own.

This is the maddest of all ages because ours is a case of pseudo-rational insanity. At no previous stage in our culture was irrationality so powerfully rationalised. Neurotic religions were

bad enough; psychotic sciences are sometimes worse. Times change but the unconscious does not change with them, and our attitude towards mental illness itself has not changed half as much as have our words about it. True, lunatics are no longer purified by fire, but normality itself is regarded with almost religious reverence, and every 'normal' little empty-head shrieks with joy when he discovers a neurotic symptom in a genius. The eternal fear of mental illness, which is a fear of the unconscious, is nowadays rationalised into an attitude of *ambivalent patronisation* which goes by the name of 'balanced' or 'objective' opinion.

Combined with our anti-romanticism, then, which in itself is our fear of our madness, it is our awareness of Schumann's eventual disintegration that has produced our stand-offish attitude towards much of his music. My suggestion may be wrong and indeed sound absurd; at the same time, it must needs sound absurd if it is right, for it describes a reaction which would not be unconscious if it were acceptable. This is where Freud helps us.

How, without him, are we to explain the curious coincidence that, of all the geniuses among the more popular composers, it is Schumann alone who, especially in knowledgeable circles, arouses just this patronising response? that much of his best music is little-known or unknown? that his shortcomings, especially in the matter of scoring, have become almost proverbial, whereas, say, Brahms' instrumental failings (in the chamber music) are merely whispered about? 'I once read in an examination paper of a sophomore who had studied only a little harmony and much music appreciation, but who had certainly not heard much "live" music, that "Schumann's orchestration is gloomy and unclear". This information was derived directly and verbally from the textbook used in class' (Schönberg). And by way of indirect evidence, we may remind ourselves that a less popular madman, Hugo Wolf, is very similarly treated.

How many Schumannians are there who realise that 'no other Romantic, not even Chopin, is comparable to Schumann in youthfulness and originality' (Einstein)? One of them, Kathleen Dale, writes that 'it was rare for him to invent phrases of uneven bar-lengths', whereas in point of provable fact he was one of the greatest rhythmic and melodic innovators of all times. Here, for instance, is the breath-taking basic inspiration from one of the works—the A major Quartet (1842)—of whose

very existence even some Schumann lovers have to be reminded:



(The 'repeat' notation is, of course, mine.) Superficially, there are 'even bar-lengths' indeed, but what happens within the 4-bar phrases? 1 + 3! Joan Chissell traces this theme back to Beethoven, Op. 31, No. 3. Formally, however, a comparison with Mendelssohn's contemporaneous 'Song without Words', Op. 62, No. 1, is far more relevant: we there find almost the same rhythmic structure, likewise introduced by a quasi-vocal call before the quaver rest that opens the consequent. The difference lies in the character of the consequent itself. Mendelssohn, true to his purpose, continues the 'song'; whereas Schumann contrasts his vocal antecedent with an *instrumental* consequent, thus sharpening the asymmetry within his symmetry. Absolute music's conquest and assimilation of poetic and dramatic means of expression is a typically romantic exploit to which Schumann has contributed more than any other composer.

Dika Newlin has sensitively drawn attention to the 'operatic' tonal conception that lies at the root of progressive tonality (i.e., a tonal structure which does not centre on one key), but what seems to have remained unobserved is that Schumann was the first who succeeded in thus 'disintegrating' pure music: in another hardly known work, which we might call the 'schizophrenic' A minor Quartet, the first movement stands in F major. I would submit that Schumann is the father of Mahler's progressive tonalities, and one of the grandparents of Schönberg's dis- and re-integration of tonality.

The editor of the *Monthly Musical Record*, one of Schumann's leading advocates, thinks he was 'not a great man'. Our attitude towards Schumann will have become sane when we have out-Schumanned the Schumannians.



HELL BREW

by *PODALIRIUS*

If you care to grow bacteria in broth (a sport much favoured by my bacteriological colleagues), they will flourish like the green bay tree. But if you then go on holiday, putting your broth resolutely out of your mind, ten to one when you get back your bacteria will all be dead—poisoned by their own waste products.

Given a little steady co-operation from the weather, the same thing might well happen to the urban residents of the British Isles. For centuries we have been pouring smoke and sulphur into the air we breathe, until now we live in an atmospheric slum. Those who sneer at the dirty customs of the past should take a closer look at the dirty customs of the present.

When fog shuts down on us, in our great cities, the moist and dirty droplets we inhale carry sulphur compounds in poisonous solution down into our lungs. So far most of us have managed to stand up to the dosage, but babies and old people are not so hardy: some of them die of it. The three-day smog of December, 1952, you may remember, killed 4,000 people, many of them old or very young. This disaster has stirred us at last to try to help ourselves. The Clean Air Bill (which could more fitly be termed the Slightly-Less-Dirty Air Bill) may prove a humble beginning.

The smoke screen we spread between ourselves and heaven not only does us serious harm at times: it constantly deprives us of good. It cuts off from us the sun's ultra-violet rays—those rays which, playing on our skin, enable us to make vitamin D inside our bodies. Vitamin D is, of course, the one which prevents rickets in children; but we doctors knew nothing of that a hundred years ago, when the industrial revolution brought people pouring into the cities, and the smoke screen was thickening up nicely. As a result, thousands of poorly fed children were dwarfed and crippled; and but for the discovery of vitamin D thousands more would be going the same way to-day.

Parents were inclined to scoff, at first, at the notion that vitamin D could make a mite of difference to their children's bandy legs. But when the rickety lion cubs at the Zoo, instead of dying like all their predecessors, lapped up their cod-liver oil, recovered, thrived, and grew into roaring lions, all British hearts were won.

It wasn't long before human cubs were benefiting from the same treatment. And, in these scientific days, every baby in the country can claim its ration of vitamin D. But don't let us forget that in a cleaner atmosphere these capable creatures would be making it for themselves.

* * *

Don't let us forget either that there are some vitamins that our bodies cannot make for themselves—with or without clean air. These vitamins should be supplied in our diet. Unfortunately, however, many present-day diets are deficient in vitamins—particularly the B-vitamins. That is why we should all take Bemax regularly.

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For the Housewife

Keeping Food Fresh

By BETTY HOBBS

IN general, perishable food stored in a larder must be covered to protect it from flies, vermin, and other living things, from dust and, most important of all, from human contamination. It is not quite so essential from the hygiene point of view to cover food stored in a refrigerator. Most of us have seen one of the dangers from flies of the bluebottle type, the clusters of little eggs which are laid in the meat, and which develop into maggots. But the other danger, that of bacterial contamination from human beings, animals, flies, or dust is invisible, and we may only feel the effect some hours after we have eaten the food.

Having taken all possible precautions to keep flies, animals, dust, and so on, out of the larder, the problem still remains of finding the ideal cover. There should be ventilation, otherwise the air surrounding the food under the cover will become laden with moisture, which will encourage the growth of moulds and of bacteria. The perfect food-cover should be made of some solid material. Plastic covers, perforated to allow ventilation, would be good, or grease-proof paper, or closely woven, easily washed materials, such as nylon, stretched over a wire frame.

Bacteria grow best at warm temperatures—such as our own body temperature—therefore food should never be kept warm for any length of time. Ideally, if food must be kept, it should be either very hot or very cold, and cooked foods should be cooled quickly. How long your cooked joint is safe in a cool larder in summer

weather depends on many things, for example, the temperature in the larder, and the thoroughness of cooking. Roasting and pressure-cooking are both safer than boiling because a higher temperature is reached and all bacteria should be killed. Meat should be freshly cooked on the day it is required hot, and not partly cooked the day before. After that its safety depends entirely on the treatment it receives. Strictly speaking, the cooked joint should not be handled or fingered, because your hands can convey food-poisoning bacteria. But careful and frequent washing of hands should prevent this.

The utensils used for cutting meat must be clean, and the same applies to dishes on which it is kept. One simple precaution is to change the plate or dish frequently. Also it is important not to keep the joint out of the refrigerator or larder any longer than is absolutely necessary for carving.

How can we know when the joint is no longer safe? I regret to say we do not always know. When the meat begins to smell it is being attacked by certain bacteria which cause obvious spoilage, but these bacteria do not usually cause food poisoning themselves. Unfortunately the reverse is also true: your meat may be full of harmful bacteria able to cause food poisoning and unless there are spoilage bacteria there as well there may be nothing to tell you of their presence. This applies to all cooked foods. But please do not be alarmed, or think the only safe thing to do is to eat up the whole of the joint on the day you cook it. If you cook your

joint well, take care of it by keeping it as free as you can from contamination and as cold as possible, then you should be able to keep it for two to three days without harm.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

R. KEITH KELSALL (page 111): Senior Sociological Research Officer, London School of Economics; author of *Higher Civil Servants in Britain*

D. M. DESOUTTER (page 113): assistant editor of *Aeronautics*; author of *All about Aircraft*
MICHAEL TIPPETT (page 119): composer; Director of Music, Morley College, London; his works include the opera 'The Midsummer Marriage', the oratorio 'A Child of Our Time', 'Symphony in B flat major, 1945', etc.

ELIZABETH BOWEN, C.B.E., D.Litt. (page 121): novelist; author of *A World of Love*, *The Shelbourne*, etc.

O. H. K. SPATE (page 122): Professor of Geography, Australian National University, Canberra; joint editor of *The Changing Map of Asia* and author of *India and Pakistan: A General and Regional Geography*

CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD (page 124): Director of the Graduate Programme in City Planning, Yale University; author of *American Skyline*

WILLEM VAN HEERDEN (page 128): editor of *Dagbreek*, Johannesburg; member of Council of South African Bureau of Racial Affairs

Crossword No. 1,365.

Motley.

By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 2. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The solution comprises twenty-five linked words of four letters each, the letters being arranged clockwise around the appropriate numeral. Lights 3, 8, 11, 16, 21, 23, 11 to 15 are all Shakespearean characters

clued by quotations from their speeches. The remaining lights are clued normally in four groups of four, but as clues are not given in numerical order each group constitutes a miniature jig-saw. Unlinked external letters can be arranged to form the words: CAMEL RALLY NIGH SPHINX.

Clues to Characters

- 'What kind of catechising call you this?'
- 'The bright day is done and we are for the dark'
- 'Nothing but papers, my lord'
- 'I am a man more sinned against than sinning'
- 'What cannot be eschewed must be embraced'
- 'Knavery's plain face is never seen till used'
- 'Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?'
- 'I will follow thee, to the last gasp, with truth and loyalty'
- 'It is in my power to overthrow law'

Group 1, 2, 6, 7

- (a) Carthaginian caper
- (b) The sacred river which ran down to a sunless sea
- (c) Who but a Scot would write an address to him
- (d) Dad would make an oustace of the kindly Jew who aided Lizzie Hexam

Group 4, 5, 9, 10

- (a) Persian gold coin for Sally in Paris
- (b) Give alms for lively songs
- (c) Her curiosity led to her losing her lover—and her death
- (d) A prophet turns his back on intoxicating liquor

Group 16, 17, 21, 22

- (a) 'A loftier — cleaves the main'
- (b) Revolutionary centres
- (c) This weed may be the hedge-mustard or sand-rocket
- (d) All but one of the team are in the entertainment —how cunning!

Group 19, 20, 24, 25

- (a) You'll get little credit for one in China
- (b) Wordsworth and Coleridge left incomplete the tale of his wanderings
- (c) Swell for writing a reprimand, perhaps
- (d) Launce's dog

Solution of No. 1,363

C	O	N	F	I	D	E	N	C	E	T	R	I	C	K
U	O	N	E	M	I	R	A	N	E	N				
T	R	I	N	K	E	T		T	R	I	F	F	L	E
L	S	E	S	A	M	E	A							
A	D	E	P	T		E	N	T	R	A	N	C	E	D
S	E	A	E	I	N	T	E							
S	E	C	O	N	D		D	O	N		D	I	E	
O	D	D		N	U	T								
S	A	M	E	E	L		N	U	A	N	C	E		
E	P	F	E	S	S		R	A	L					
C	O	R	R	O	S	I	O	N		A	D	A	G	E
U	I	D	G		W	N		C	V					
L	E	S	B	I	A	N								
A	E	A	E	S	O	I								
R	E	D	U	C	E	D		S	E	N	T	E	N	C

NOTES

The solutions to the clues in the order in which they were given is indicated below. The words in brackets are the second line anagrams.

Across: Don (eel); dud (nut); pied (same); corrosion (entranced); reduced sentence (confidence trick); nuance (second); adept (adage); truffle (lesbian); Indiana (trinket); eel (don); entranced (corrosion); trinket (Indiana); same (pied); confidence trick (reduced sentence); lesbian (truffle); adage (adept); second (nuance); nut (dud).
Down: Turandot (ink stand); citation (designed); cutlass (elevate); ink stand (Turandot); designed (citation); secular (kneaded); again (noise); elevate (cutlass); nun (due); kneaded (secular); comprised (infection); due (nun); noise (again); infection (comprised); Truman (zodiac); unwise (entree); zodiac (Truman); entree (unwise).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. Fort (Sutton Coldfield); 2nd prize: W. H. Askew (Driffild); 3rd prize: S. J. Welton (Rickmansworth)



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